The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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☞Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor. All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

From the Boston Post.

Mr. Webster at Elms Farm.

Mr. Webster, whose health has been quite delicate of late, left Marshfield some days ago for his farm at Franklin, the place of his birth, to enjoy the mountain air of New Hampshire. We are much gratified to hear that his sojourn at his father's old house has proved highly beneficial to his health. We learn that the week before last a delegation of his old New Hampshire friends and neighbors, many of whom were companions of his younger days, and whom he had not met for years, called to pay their respects to the distinguished statesman: to express their approbation of his patriotic course in the Senate at the last session of Congress. The delegation was composed nearly all of Democrats, which made it still more gratifying to Mr. Webster. Among them were the Hon. Moses Norris, U. S. Senator, Judge N. G. Upham, Gen. Joseph Low, Hon. Richard H. Ayer, Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, General Frank Pierce, Worcester Webster, Esq., Capt. Paul R. George, late of the army, and Hon. George W. Nesbit. For the following hasty sketch, we are indebted to a young friend:

The party sat down to a regular old-fashioned farmer's dinner. The most cordial and happy feeling prevailed at the festive board. A fund of anecdote and story went around, and in the old mansion of Mr. Webster's father voices commingled once more which had not been heard in unison for many years. During the enjoyment, the following sentiment was offered by an old school Democrat, the Hon. Richard H. Ayer:

OUR HOST: To the genius, patriotism, and courage which so effectually and opportunely interposed for the preservation of the Union, we tender our lasting gratitude, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and *inseparable*.'

Mr. Webster rose and acknowledged this tribute of respect to his worth, and remarked that the present was the time for eating and drinking, and not for speech making.—The occasion was one which had brought together some of his oldest friends and neighbors, whom he was glad to see, one and all. He would take an opportunity, however, to make a reply before his guests should disperse.

Towards the close of the repast Gen. Jos. Low, in reply to a sentiment from General Pierce, rose and said there was an hour in his existence which he should ever look back to as one which had given him greater relief and more true happiness than any he had ever experienced, and that was the night when he received by mail the great Union speech of Daniel Webster, of the 7th of March.—He read it that night, and he read it again and again the next morning; and Democrat as he was, he felt that his feelings and his heart had changed towards Mr. Webster—because he felt that Mr. Webster was not only willing to, but he had sacrificed himself for the preservation of the Union. On going to town that morning, said Gen. Low, I found that Mr. Webster's speech was the general topic of conversation. A friend of mine told me with bitter denunciation, that Mr. Webster had been false to the North, and abandoned her great principles. I asked him if he had read the speech. The reply was he had not. Well, said I, don't condemn a man until you have heard him.

I have read the speech, and do you go and read it too, and then tell me what you think. He did so, and meeting him a short time afterwards, said I, 'Well, what do you think now?' 'Why,' said he, 'General, the fact is, Mr. Webster goes for everybody. He is in favor of the North, and he goes for the South—he is in favor of the East and he goes for the West, and, d—n me, sir, if he don't go for the whole Union!' And, continued Gen. Low, he is now one of the strongest advocates of Mr. Webster's course. The conclusion of these remarks was greeted with the greatest applause, when Mr. Webster, evincing great feeling, rose to reply. It is to be regretted, in justice to Mr. Webster, that an imperfect skeleton of his remarks, from memory, can only be given. He said the present was not a fitting occasion to touch upon politics, which he should let alone. He was glad to see round his table many old friends and companions of his younger days, which brought to mind many pleasing reminiscences, and afforded him indescribable pleasure. The allusion to his course in the Senate, however, and the approbation it had met with by his friends present, who had made a manifestation of their feelings, was such a source of deep gratification to him that he could not help reverting to it. This was sufficient to repay him for the trials and sufferings he had gone through, and it mattered but little at this day whether opinion should sustain him in his course, so long as he felt he had done his duty to his country, and alone for his country's good.—He had lived the best portion of his life—the past was secured to him, and could not be taken from him. He asked for no more. He had no other wish to gratify, for he felt there was no sacrifice too great for him to make in sustaining the welfare of his country. For six long months, from the 7th of March, to the 7th of September, he had not slept over two hours any one night. Senators sat in their seats day and night.

It was the crisis, and it was a fearful and terrible one. No ray of hope, no gleam of support came from any one. All looked dark and gloomy—all were grave and sullen, and no smile of relief cheered the hour of despair. He had taken his resolution and determined to sacrifice himself for his country's cause. He stood forth alone and unsupported from New England to strike a blow for the preservation of the Union. His friend from New Hampshire, Senator Norris, was the first to step forward with him into the breach, and he would here observe that toward those who acted with him, or rather toward those he acted with the Senator from Michigan, Mr. Cass, the Senator from Indiana, Mr. Bright, the Senator from Illinois, Mr. Douglass, the Senator from Mississippi, Mr. Foote, and others he could never again entertain that feeling of political opposition which he had formerly felt. The ancient feud was at an end, and hereafter he should greet those gentlemen with feelings of the most sincere esteem and warmest friendship. It was the same feeling which men have who fought side by side together in bloody combat. After the battle is over they become forever endeared to each other if only for the common dangers and hardships they passed through.

In sustaining the position he had taken, he felt he was but maintaining the laws and constitution, guarding the rights of the South and advocating the harmony of the North, alone and only for the sake of the preservation of the Union. He forgot everything but his country. For his country only, and her salvation was the uppermost in his heart.

Mr. Webster in conclusion offered the following toast:

OUR COUNTRY—May its Union continue perpetual and everlasting, for when it shall become divided, it will no longer be my country.

Mr. Webster spoke with deep and heartfelt emotion and sat down amid bursts of applause which greeted him throughout his speech.

Senator Norris replied to Mr. Webster in a speech of great eloquence and deep feeling produced a marked impression on all present. He was followed by Gen. Pierce, who spoke in the most enthusiastic and patriotic manner, saying that if the old political friends of Mr. Webster chose to desert him for standing up in support of his country's cause at such time when it was thought by many that disunion was inevitable, he would find that the mass of the people knew how to justly appreciate the worth of his services.

Father Henson Triumphant.

Most of our readers will recollect something of this Canadian fugitive—now an old man. Some thirty years ago he escaped from Kentucky with a wife and children, crippled by blows on both arms. He traversed the almost unbroken wilderness of Ohio, helping on his little charge as best he could with a noble heroism rarely equalled, suffering all but death, and at last reaching Canada, then as wild as Ohio.

As other fugitives arrived they depended chiefly on the cultivation of tobacco for a living, out of which they were often cheated. Father Henson, with true statesmanship, saw this would not do, and induced them to raise their own food. This gave them a new impulse. He then saw their excellent lumber, and devised a plan to make it as profitable as his white neighbors. It was—to build a steam-saw mill, connect with it an institution of learning, thus securing both wealth and education. But how could those poor fugitives raise the money? He came to the States, and by his wonderful skill obtained it, the excellent mechanics among the fugitives did most of the work, and lately a cargo of first rate black walnut from father Henson's mill at Dawn, of great value, arrived at Boston *via* Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence! It will pay off their debts and put them on their feet.

Here is the masterly achievement of a poor fugitive cripple from southern bondage who can now scarcely read the simplest language. He is one of nature's noblemen, and thousands more like him are grinding in the great prison house.—*Portland Inquirer.*

NOT BAD.—A Baltimore correspondent, whose letter is of an agitating character, and of course not to be published in a time of universal quiet and harmony like this, suggests that at the southern Industrial Fairs fine specimens of Slaves as well as other 'Property' ought to be exhibited along with the choice Durhams, fine Eclipses, portly Berkshires, &c. The idea is not entirely new but very good. It is wrong that while 'improved' breeds of every domestic animal are exhibited to public admiration, nobody offers a premium or claims any credit for the likeliest, best conditioned, most sleek and contented lot of slaves. Such premiums would do good in various respects.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HARD TO BEAR.—The *Charleston Mercury* unkindly assails the great meeting lately held at Castle Garden to save the Union, suppress the agitation against the Fugitive Slave law, defeat Washington Hunt, and appoint a Whig candidate for Congress on a doughface Vigilance Committee. The *Mercury* says that this most patriotic affair was nothing but another New York humbug got up solely with a view to the interests of trade, hollow and selfish, designed simply to make money, a mere piece of stage effect, binding men to no course of action, involving no sacrifice, and having no head. Now we protest that this is altogether too bad; it isn't polite to kick your friends, especially when they have gone down on their knees to you. Beside, as to sacrifices, we reckon some of the gentlemen engaged in that meeting had to make considerable sacrifices on the altar of pure and undefiled patriotism.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

From the Independent Democrat.

Mr. Webster's N. H. "Retainers."

[The following communication reveals some new movements upon the political chessboard, and indicates, what we have long suspected, that a new "Tyler Coalition" is on foot. Isaac Hill, Paul R. George and Caleb Cushing are "names to conjure with." To these add Franklin Pierce, C. H. Peaslee and N. G. Upham, to say nothing of a slight sprinkling of "blue light federals," and you have as pretty a flock of "twenty-four black birds all in one pie" as the most fastidious gourmand could wish to eat! As to "enlightening" our correspondent on the "signs" of these things, we must be excused. Time, which hatches even the eggs of the cockatrice, will, without doubt, at no distant day, unwomb the mystery of this strange incubation. In the mean time we advise all, our correspondent included, to wait:]

MR. EDITOR: Within a few days past strong movements have been going on in this usually quiet village, and strange faces have been seen often at the *old family residence*, and people here do not understand the "*why*" and the "*wherefore*;" and my object in penning you this note is to ask you or others who may understand the matter fully, what new political movement is to be made in which Mr. Webster, the Secretary of State under President Fillmore, is so much interested? He has been spending a few days on his farm here, and has received many visitors who never called upon him in other days. They are not FARMERS, generally, but LAWYERS mostly, who know nothing of farming. They do not seem to take any interest in agricultural matters, but are closeted with him closely within doors.—They are *politicians*, generally, but not *such* politicians as used to visit Mr. Webster when here on former occasions. I will give you a sample. Last Saturday, Richard H. Ayer Esq., of Manchester, and Messrs. Frank Pierce, N. G. Upham, Charles H. Peaslee, and John Hatch George, of your place, and the well known Capt. Paul R. George, of Hopkinton now, I believe, spent the day with Mr. Webster, and very late in the afternoon they were joined by the talkative Col. P. Gale, a son of Isaac Hill, and a few other Loco Focos and a little sprinkling of Whigs from Concord, and we old Whigs of Lower Franklin were puzzled beyond measure to understand what such a strange mixture of men and politics could mean.—They seemed merry when they came, and more so when they left.

Frank Pierce was Mr. Webster's right hand man, and "did the honors" required on the occasion, in his usual style. When *cheers* were needed or deemed proper, he ordered them, and right heartily did he enter into the cheering himself. Of the brandy, gin and wine, I say nothing of their qualities. Some drank all they desired,—others were commendably abstemious.

Had this been the only singular event of the week, our curiosity would not have been so much excited as it now is; but it was only the Tuesday preceding that we were favored with the sight of the former most bitter traducer of Mr. Webster, the much known *Isaac Hill*, dodging in and out of the *old family mansion*, familiarly, as if he had been an intimate acquaintance; and the next day we saw there the celebrated *Caleb Cushing*, of Newburyport, and *Capt. George*, both lately of the army in Mexico, all these things forcibly reminded us of the days of *Capt. Tyler*, when Mr. Webster was his Secretary of State, and *Hill*, *Cushing* and *Capt. George* figured so conspicuously at Washington, all said to have been after "spoils" about that time. These movements and these strange faces here, have raised our curiosity much, and as the visited and the visitors are all politicians, we cannot but be concerned to know what all these things mean. Will you enlighten us a little, Mr. Editor, and tell us "what the signs of promise are?"

INCREASE IN THE VALUE OF SLAVES.—The Fugitive Slave law has had the effect to increase the value of slaves in this State, in consequence of the greater apparent security of that kind of property. This security is, however, merely ideal, as will be found next spring. Slaves do not abscond to any great extent in the fall or winter, preferring to travel either in the spring or summer. A statement has already been made through the Telegraph that a number of persons in this State are preparing the necessary papers to arrest and identify their property at the North. Some few have done so, it is true, but the great majority of persons who have lost slaves have as yet taken no action to recover them. It is desired at the South, and will be urged in Congress this winter, to amend the Fugitive Slave law by adopting the amendment of last spring, (which was then lost) to remunerate from the public treasury the owners of such slaves, who may fail to obtain them by due process, after they may have identified their property. If the North permits such an amendment, it may anticipate paying for several thousand of those who have absconded.—*Balt. Cor. Tribune.*

"TELL IT NOT IN GATH."—The Rev. Moses Stuart, D. D. of the Andover Theological Seminary, the defender of Daniel Webster, is out in defence of the Fugitive Law, and the Ohio *Observer*, feebly says, "we oppose the law, and call for its repeal, or at least that it be amended!!" Beautiful teachers of that Gospel which bids us feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

No wonder that scoffing infidelity rears its head with shouts and laughter when doctors of divinity and teachers of theology falsify the commonest principles of a humane, God-derived Christianity.

The very Devil himself may say, "these are the Doctors of Divinity for me."—*Ohio Star.*

An Orator in Chains.

The large fine-looking black man, Joshua P. Scott, formerly an inmate of the Charlestown (Mass.) State Prison, has been sentenced by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island to seven years additional in the State Prison there, for resisting and assaulting the keeper in July last. He managed his defence himself, and elicited from the officers of the prison, evidence that his general conduct had been good. At his request, says the Providence Post,—

"The manacles, chains, &c., with which he had been confined, were brought into court and placed upon his wrists and ancles, to show, as he said, how he had been confined for one hundred and eighty days in succession. Thus adorned he stood up and addressed the court and jury for more than an hour. In his address he quoted scripture copiously and with much propriety, showing himself to be conversant with ancient history and chemistry, and uttered many pertinent remarks. 'No guilt,' said he, 'can justify cruelty to a prisoner.' He complained of being selected for punishment as an example of terror to the rest of the prisoners, and alluded to the answer of an English Judge to a prisoner, that he was not to die for stealing horses, but that horses might not be stolen! 'Nothing,' said Scott, 'could be more unrighteous than that answer of the Judge.'

"We have heard of a stage effect in oratory, and of oratory aided by machinery, but never witnessed a more successful employment of real 'properties' than on this occasion. The friendless negro convict, with his interested audience of lawyers, judges and jurors, as he stretched out his herculean arm, showed his handcuffs and fetters, and told the story of his life, was a picture which only the pencil can portray.

A MODEL 'DEMOCRAT.'—Robert Dale Owen from the Committee on Rights and Privileges of Inhabitants, reported to the Constitutional Convention of Indiana, on the 27th ult. a Constitutional provision forbidding the immigration of negroes into the State or their right to hold property therein. We learn that it will probably be adopted as a part of the fundamental law, Mr. Owen, of course, being one of its chief advocates and supporters, and the whole 'Democratic' tribe going it with him. Indeed, there is a chance of its being amended so as to banish from the State all colored persons already in it, the State paying them the value of their property.

—Wonder if Robert Dale recollects anything of what he has written and said in defense of human rights, of the light of reason, of social equality and the largest liberty? Wonder if there is any depth of meanness, any profligate and contemptible contradiction of principles he has loudly professed to hold most sacred, to which he is not ready to stoop in order to get lifted over the threshold of the U. S. Senate? Out upon such baseness and such 'Democracy.'—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE HOUSE OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE IS HIS CASTLE.—The Boston Journal states that, on inquiry of the Marshal, Judge Sprague has intimated that the process for the arrest of a fugitive slave is in the nature of *civil process*—that, in serving it, an officer will not be justified in breaking open the outer door of any dwelling house; that every dwelling house is the castle of its occupants. This protection, however, is confined to the *dwelling-house*, or house where a person sleeps, and not to his place of business. It is also confined to the *out door*.—If this is left open, or if the Marshal is admitted within it, he may break any *inner door*.

This we presume to be sound law, and so every Northern Judge will decide. Let colored men govern themselves accordingly; and if the Man Stealer or any of his pimps attempt to force the door of his dwelling, let it be at their peril.

Or if any philanthropist has a fugitive under his protection with a bolted door, no man dare force it.

NOBLE DETERMINATION IN CRAFTS.—While William Crafts and Frederick Douglass were in conversation, on Saturday, in Southac street, a coach containing three or four suspicious-looking white persons drove up. It was hinted to Crafts that they were after him. "*They can't have me alive!*" responded Crafts, with the utmost coolness, and without moving from his position. It was soon ascertained, however, that the party in the coach were not slave hunters.

Turning the conversation, Douglass asked Crafts if he hadn't better leave the State?

"No," replied Crafts, "I will never leave the State. Our people have been pursued long enough. For my own part, if I can't live here and be free, I will die!"

Douglass, in parting with Crafts, took him by the hand and said, "William, I do not wish to advise you in this matter, because you are resolved what course to pursue, but if you die our people will live!"

MORE WEBSTERISM.—The Pennsylvania Freeman, remarks that George W. Bolivar, a respectable colored gentleman of Philadelphia, wishing to go abroad, recently addressed to Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, a written application, supported by sufficient testimonials to his citizenship, for a passport from the government. No answer was returned, and Mr. B. went to Washington and personally renewed his application. He visited the Secretary, accompanied by Hon. G. Badger of North Carolina, (of which State Mr. Bolivar was a native,) who seconded his suit. The request was denied on the ground that *colored men are not citizens* of the United States, and passports could be granted to none but citizens. From this opinion Mr. Badger was understood to dissent, but as Daniel Webster of Massachusetts was Secretary of State, and not Mr. Badger of North Carolina, his dissent was not availing to the application.—*Albany Atlas.*

From the Boston Republican.

The Heathen and Christian Thugs.

In India's sunny clime, where like a pall
Grim Superstition spreads its hideous wings,
Casting a dismal, horrid shade o'er all,
And with its fiery breath sears up the springs
Of joy and innocence;—and where doth fall
With fearful force the weight of ignorance;
And where with hellish rite, and song, and dance,
They render to their gods such as might well
Be grateful homage to the prince of Hell;—

There dwell the Thugs. And there their fearful trade
Of treacherous murder, and of robbery ply,
With tireless step from day's dawn, till it fades.
Pursue their victim;—nor beneath the starry sky
Their virgil cease, till in the dust he's laid;
His heart's life-blood warm, smoking on the sod,
Is savor sweet to their insatiate god.
Can such a blasting, dire, and grisly faith
Produce aught else than foulest deeds of death?

In fair Columbia's land, where Truth doth hold
Her purest court; and Science, sister bright,
The mystic laws of Nature doth unfold,
And ope's the view of their first cause aright;
And pure religion, too, its truths hath told;
Command our God to love with might, mind, strength, and prove
That as ourselves, so we our neighbors love;
Proclaims that, fashioned from the self-same sod,
All men are equal, children of one God;—

There dwell those Thugs—who first do rob, then slay;
Who from their brother take himself, his all—
All that ennobles him above the beasts which lay
In brute contentment at their master's stall;
And from his darkened mind shut out the ray
Of truth, science, religion, until the pall
Of superstition dire around his soul
Its folds hath thrown;—degraded, dark, he stands,
Reft of his Maker's impress by his brother's hands.

The equal of the ox, behold the slave!
The robbery finished! the murder is begun!
A living death! a breathing corpse! the grave
Is one scene of his death, the cradle one:—
The God of mercy's pardoning smile to crave
Upon such deeds; with impious prayer and praise
The blood-stained hand to heaven's pure light they raise.
Heathen, or Christian Thug—on which, oh God!
Shall fall most fiercely thine avenging rod?

A STRIKE AGAINST COLOR.—Yesterday morning, Mr. Dennis Harris employed a colored man to wheel dirt from beneath the large building he is erecting in Duane-st.—This was the signal for about sixty or seventy Irishmen engaged as laborers to strike at once and refuse to work unless the colored man was summarily dismissed. Mr. Harris decided that the poor man, the unwilling cause of this trouble, should be continued at any rate. The strikers afterward offered to make up a purse for the colored man, if he was dismissed. But, said Mr. Harris, ten thousand dollars cannot purchase his dismissal. Consequently, the building stood yesterday almost silent. Mr. Harris has formerly had to take the same stand in favor of Irishmen with whom some Germans refused to work, and vice versa.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—There is a religious paper published on the Reserve, which devotes one page weekly to secular matters, in which we have not yet seen any strong and decided condemnation of the Fugitive Law. It is true that enactment makes the editor and his numerous readers, and all connected with the particular church whose tenets it supports, slave catchers, yet the organ of that organization has not a word to say, even in regard to the *morality* of the law.—If this is not cowardly timidity we know not the meaning of the term, and we feel assured, that, though the editor may shield himself beneath the folds of his cloth, his readers will not be thus easily satisfied. What good can come from such a source?

☞The passage and attempted enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, has at least been of pecuniary benefit to one class of tradesmen--the hard-ware merchants. In this city and vicinity, the demand for firearms, &c., has been so great that it has been with difficulty that the demand has been supplied. Colored men who have hitherto considered the carrying of deadly weapons wrong, or inconsistent with their religious views, now do so as a matter of personal safety and duty.—*Syracuse Liberty Party paper.*

LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train:
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the day.—*Addison.*

☞Several clergymen of New Hampshire have visited Daniel Webster. A correspondent of the Independent Democrat says that Rev. Mr. Bouton addressed Webster in a set speech, and Daniel was greatly affected, even *wept!* However, a copious *drink* dispelled his emotion, and when dinner came Daniel invoked a blessing upon the reverend heads before him, with an unction that would have done credit to the late "Stephen Burroughs" himself in his best estate.—*Lowell American.*

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.—The Washington organ of the slaveholders ridicules the Merchants' Meeting, and says that the whole object of it was to sell a little more tape and red flannel! This is hard upon the poor dough-faces—like the deed of the boy who holds a piece of bread to his dog's mouth and then strikes him on the nose when he would bite it.—*Cleveland True Dem.*

Return from Campmeeting.

The *True Wesleyan* contains a letter from a preacher in Va., who states what he saw when returning from campmeeting.

On our return from Virginia, Bro Crooks and myself passed a large drove of negroes, not less than seventy-five or eighty, perhaps a hundred in number. It was made up of men, women and children. The men and women were stout, healthy looking people, in the prime of life. Three of the men who had been torn from their wives and children, were chained together to prevent them from returning to their broken hearted families.—They (the men) were almost frantic, because of their painful separation. To outrage their feelings and mock their sorrows, plenty of music was kept on board. It is customary for these soul-drivers to have a mulatto lady a-piece, who are carried in vehicles; but as this drove was camped when we passed, we could not so readily ascertain which the ladies were. However, we saw one woman that we supposed to be one of them.

I would attempt a comment, only for the simple reason that I have no language to express my abhorrence of a system that is such a palpable violation of the law of God, and such an outrage upon humanity. Let the heavens be curtained in black, and let there be mourning in hell, while politicians and theologians strive to justify and tolerate such high handed and heaven-daring iniquities.

HOW SIGNATURES WERE OBTAINED.—The following is one instance among many of the sort showing how signatures to the call for the great 'Peace' Meeting were canvassed for:

Mr. Becker, a trunk-seller in his store: Enter Mr. Bland, a dry goods jobber:

Mr. Bland. Good morning, Mr. Becker! Will you just give us your name to the call for the 'Union' meeting, to sustain the Constitution and laws, and put down Anti-Slavery agitation?

Mr. Becker. I should want to think a while first. On the whole, I don't see any need of such a meeting, and I guess I wont sign.

Mr. Bland. You do, eh? Well, Sir! I have orders to fill for trunks sometimes, and I guess I shall look for them elsewhere hereafter.

Mr. Becker. Of course, Mr. Bland! If you suppose you buy *me* in buying my trunks, I trust you will be sure to patronise somebody else in future. [Exit Bland, huffy.]

Such was the purport of a convervation which actually took place. We have changed the names, and the articles dealt in by Becker, but nothing essential.—*N. Y. Trib.*

SLAVES FOR CALIFORNIA.—A vessel manned by twenty or thirty slaves, and belonging to two gentlemen from the South, left this port a few days ago for California, with a number of passengers on board. The vessel was built, we believe, at this port, and was fitted out for sea by the slaves. They are to work in the mines, and have accepted their masters' proposal to set them free at the end of a stated period.—*Philad. Pennsylvanian.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—Hon. Geo. W. Julian, of Indiana, who spoke at a meeting on the subject of the fugitive slave law, in this town, a few weeks since stated that the bill was hurried through Congress—that it was not referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union—and that it was not printed before it was passed. He said, that several barrels of whiskey were sent to the Capitol, by people who tried to get something out of the members, and that probably many were drunk when the bill was passed: and that those who were not drunk did not know what they were voting for.—*Ind. Democrat.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW ILLUSTRATED.—H. H. Van Amringe writes from Wisconsin that he was formerly Prosecuting Attorney in Ulster county, Pa., and in that capacity succeeded in breaking up a host of dealers in counterfeit money and rascality in general, arresting some of them. Among the papers found on one was a letter from a Southern confederate, containing the following among other directions looking to future business operations:

—"*Do you find out all about the negroes around about you, and their private marks, and let me know, and if I do not find a master for them, the Devil is in it.*"

—If they had only had the present Fugitive Slave law in operation then, the business would have been done up with far greater celerity and much less trouble.—*N. Y. Trib.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.—A meeting of a few friends of the colored population was held in the Mechanics Institute Room, last evening, to consider the propriety of taking steps for a public demonstration on behalf of the slaves now flying from bondage to Canada. The meeting was unanimous in their resolution, to give every aid to these afflicted men. A committee was appointed to draw up a requisition for a public meeting, and to prepare resolutions to be submitted to it for their adoption. We heartily rejoice in this movement. It will be something to the credit of Canada that she has opened wide the arms of benevolence to receive those who fled from tyranny and oppression in the neighboring Republic.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE GREATEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—The New York "Union Meeting" appointed a Vigilance committee, whose duty was declared to be, to go around and "repress agitation." Verily, these New Yorkers are the most practical set of statesmen and politicians.

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.—A despatch from Montreal, Oct. 30th, estimates that nearly 1000 have reached Canada since the commencement of the agitatien. There appears to be less sympathy shown for them than formerly, and many are in want of the necessaries of life.

Cotton vs. Principle.

The Call and Proceedings of the great 'Union Meeting' at Castle Garden, with the names of the signers in full, have been printed in pamphlet form and thickly diffused throughout the South. They do not seem, however, to be received with any great enthusiasm. On the contrary, the Slavery Propagandists regard the whole game as a transparent one, and refuse to be taken in and done for. 'Union' dimity, sarsnet and sarsaparilla do not seem to be bought by them a whit faster on account of the alluring label. The Nullifying organs tell our haberdashers—"We understand what you have hung out these bright colors about your doors for, but we don't take." And, on the other hand, scores of Northern and Western merchants are weekly arriving who inquire for the stores of Bowen & McNamee and other firms that declined to join in the call of the Cotton demonstration. And now, if a pamphlet were issued giving a list of the jobbers who *refused* to sign the Castle Garden call, we venture to say that the balance of profit by the Cotton movement would not be in favor of the movers.

As to Bowen & McNamee, we consider their fortunes already made. Their card, declining to sell their principles with their goods, is circulating throughout the Free States. It is everywhere copied and applauded. It has made them favorably known to twice as many as ever heard of them before the Cotton meeting. The Press of the Free States rarely speaks of them except to commend; and hundreds are resolving to trade with them who, but for Castle Garden, would have never heard of them. We believe them fully worthy of their good fortune, but we do not wish them to have *all* the best customers. We suggest, therefore, that the other firms who refused to sign the call take such means as they think proper to let the public know that they had no part or lot in the Cotton meeting.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Miss Coates' Physiological Lectures to Ladies.

This gifted lecturer has just completed her first course of lectures to the ladies of this city, upon this deeply interesting and vitally important subject. She is evidently thoroughly conversant both with the scientific and practical details of her subject and is well supplied with drawings, a model and other requisites for its perfect illustration. Her exposition of the mechanism, functions and laws of our physical organization, with their complete adaptation to the ends designed, was clear and forcible. The whole subject was treated in a thoroughly scientific manner, and was withal rendered so clear—so beautiful, and so *practical* that we have not listened to one lecture without breathing the earnest wish that all the daughters, wives and mothers of our land, might enjoy the same privilege. We regret that our limited space will not permit us to give a more extended notice at this time, but shall do so in our next paper.

Miss Coates commences a supplementary course for her present class this evening, and at its close will probably yield to solicitations to repeat the first course for the benefit of those who have thus far been unable to attend. She is engaged in a noble work, and we trust that wherever she may go, she will meet with a cordial welcome and her efforts be crowned with success. Her first lecture in this city was a public one, and the hundreds who were present, manifested by their respectful and earnest attention, the deep interest they felt in the subject. Her class has been a very large one, and as last evening closed the course, the ladies in attendance unanimously passed a resolution of thanks and commendation for the lecturer; but the best compliment paid her, was the pressing invitation to give a supplementary course for the same class.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Attempt to Kidnap, or Otherwise.

Bishop, a colored man, who has been in this State some two or three years, perhaps longer, was at work in his blacksmith shop near the Beech Woods Factory, on Friday of last week. A horseman rode up, and asked him to examine his horse's foot, and see what ailed it. He looked at one foot, and could find nothing the matter, and was requested to examine the other. By this time some four or five strangers had come up, and Bishop, not liking the appearance of things, stepped back into the shop as if to get some tool, and instead of returning, went through the back door into the adjoining field, and started across the field.

He was pursued by some on foot, and some on horseback, across the fields and over fences, and through cornstalks, weeds and brush. Bishop ran to where a farmer, who was hauling a load of corn, had loosed his horses. By the time he arrived one of the pursuers was close on him. Bishop mounted one of the horses belonging to the team, and as he mounted he was shot at some three or four times by the man, who, by this time, was within a few feet of him. He returned the fire, and lodged a bullet against the pistol in the breeches pocket of the enemy.

But, to cut the story short, Bishop escaped. The Fugitive Law and its myrmidons were insufficient for his capture.

It is said that Bishop is the slave of a Mr. Campbell, of Nicholas Co. Ky., who was one of the company in pursuit. But the fact that one of them falsely represented himself to be a U. S. Marshal, and under pretence that he had a warrant for the arrest of Bishop, commanded citizens of Ohio to aid in his arrest, and even presented a pistol to the breast of one of them who refused to obey him, causes the whole affair to be looked upon with suspicion.

Shooting with intent to kill, even at a fugitive, we suppose, is, under the laws of Ohio, a penitentiary offense.—*Ripley (O.) Bee.*

ANOTHER ARREST OF FUGITIVES NOT MADE IN DETROIT.—Two gentlemen from the South arrived in Chicago, on Friday last, in pursuit of two female fugitive slaves. Unfortunately for them, however, the colored ladies had, a few hours previous, left that city, in the steamer Niagara. Nothing daunted, the Southerners took the first boat for New Buffalo, and thence by Railroad to this city.—The friends of the Fugitives, hearing of the departure of the gentlemen for Detroit, immediately telegraphed to some friends here to be on the look out and protect the women. Provision was immediately made by some of our colored population, and yesterday a steamer was chartered and sent up the river, to meet the Niagara, take off the fugitives and land them in Her Majesty's dominions in Canada.—*Detroit Tribune, 5.*

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton.*

SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER 23, 1850.

☞ THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Western A. S. Society will meet at the usual hour and place on Sunday Dec. 1st. A punctual attendance desired.

A Quaker Politician.

A friend has placed in our hands a copy of the Doylestown (Pa.) *Democrat*, of a recent date, of which a Hicksite Quaker named *S. J. Paxson* is the Editor. The paper is of the most rabid Hunker stripe, and fierce for that sort of Democracy of which slavery is the all-controlling element. Here is a paragraph which illustrates the Editor's mode of supporting the testimony of his sect against war.

LOOK OUT!—*George Thompson*, the rich English tory abolitionist, arrived at Boston, in a British steamer, on Wednesday last.—He has come here to lecture and abuse American citizens, and the Republic of the United States. His arrival at this particular crisis, and the state of the country, is ominous of the object of the old country. He should have been met at the wharf by Gen. *Butler* with a battalion of the artillery with which he licked the British at New Orleans in 1815, or stormed Monterey, in Mexico, in 1846. Such a body of brave men, assisted by one of Capt. Bragg's batteries, could have given the scoundrel some definite opinion of the strong smell of American gunpowder.

The Editor further illustrates both his piety and politics in the following paragraph:

NEGRO VS. WHITE MEN.—The *Intelligencer* and *Olive Branch* make a great racket about the fugitive slave bill, because it considers a white man quite as good as a nigger. This bill provides that a slave shall be given up to his master as the Constitution directs. He is to be taken in a legal way by the officers of the law, and not by any "nigger catcher" who sees proper to set up business on his "own hook." The federalists opposed this bill, because they think a nigger is as good, or better, than a white man. The sovereign people have met and repulsed them on this ground. A total rout and defeat met them in the county and State.—In our county, the people have decided that negroes are not as good as white men, and are not fit to sit on juries—shall not vote, nor hold office, nor be employed on the public works.

The vulgar brute who could pen the above would of course be shocked at the idea of Woman's Equality, and therefore we are not surprised to find him publishing a caricature of the Worcester Convention under the following head:

'The Woman's Rights Convention, at Worcester Massachusetts---Awful combination of Socialism, Abolitionism and Infidelity---The Pantalettes Striking for the Pantaloons---Bible and Constitution Repudiated.'

In another column of the same paper we find a call for a "Great Democratic Meeting in Nockamixen, Nov. 16. "The object of the meeting is said to be

"to celebrate the late victory of the Democracy of Bucks county and the Keystone State, over Federalism, Abolitionism, disunion, negro suffrage, negro equality and amalgamation."

The signers say:

"Let there be a grand rally of the friends of the Constitution, of the men who are opposed to the disorganizing schemes of such men as Seward, Hale, King, and other leading enemies of our country. Let us show by our presence and our zeal, that the country shall be sustained, the Constitution shall be sustained, and the *Laws* shall be sustained."

As an inducement to the Democracy to attend, these announcements, among others, are made:

Stokes L. Roberts, Esq., the eloquent defender of Democracy, will be there and raise his voice for the Union, the whole Union, and *nothing but the Union!*

S. J. Paxson, Editor of the *Democrat*, will be there, to shake hands with the Democrats and congratulate them of the great triumph of Democratic principles in our county and State.

The *Nockamixon Coon Skinner* will be there and bellow forth the notes of Democracy from his hot iron throat.

The *Tohickon Bull Dog* will be there and raise his stentorian voice in favor of Democracy, and tell the people that Tinicum is "right side up with care."

Come on Democrats, one and all, and let us rejoice at the down fall of federalism, disunion, and abolitionism.

The man who thus wallows in the mire of pro-slavery politics, and whose soul is steeped in vulgar hatred toward a downtrodden and oppressed race, may hold his position in the Society of Friends without a struggle, while Lucretia Mott, Thomas M'Clintock, and others, whose lives are consecrated to the promotion of peace on earth and good will to men, are charged by long-faced Elders with 'letting down the testimonies,' improperly 'mixing with the world,' 'acting in their own will,' &c. &c.; and all sorts of efforts are made to reduce them to subjection or drive them from the Society. How has the gold become dim! the most fine gold changed! Among the professed followers of Fox and Penn the apologist and supporter of popular iniquity goes unrebuked, while he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey!

PLENTY OF CANDIDATES.—Besides the names we mentioned last week, we learn that Hon. J. Brinkerhoff, Hon. B. F. Wade and R. P. Ranney, Esq., are severally proposed by their friends as candidates for U. S. Senator from Ohio.

A Man Rescued from Slavery.

In Oct. 1842, Eli Terry was kidnapped near Indianapolis and sold into slavery. In the Summer of 1849, information was received by his friends that he had been heard of in Red River County, Texas. The African Committee of Indiana Yearly Meeting (Orthodox) being informed of the facts, employed an efficient lawyer and two competent witnesses to go the distance of some 2,500 miles to endeavor to effect his release. Being furnished with the necessary proofs, authenticated by the Seal of the State of Indiana, they started on their mission Dec. 11th, 1849, and having accomplished their object by means of a *habeas corpus*, they returned early in February, and restored the man to his father's house. The expense of the restoration was $677 20.

We glean these facts from the Non-Slaveholder, and while we acknowledge that Friends in Indiana have in this instance nobly performed their duty, we cannot withhold an expression of our deep regret that the legal and constitutional enslavement of three millions of human beings calls forth so little of their sympathy. Efforts to free a man *illegally* held in bondage require but little courage, securing as they do the applause instead of the hatred of the public; but to labor heartily and zealously to break the chains of those who are bound by law would subject them to great reproach and censure. 'This ought they to have done and not left the other undone.'

WEBSTER PROSTRATE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—In the recent election in Massachusetts, the Whigs, who have ruled that State time out of mind, placed themselves on the 'National' platform recently constructed by the apostate Webster; and the result is that they have met a Waterloo defeat. They have lost the Governor and the Legislature, and all chance of electing a Hunker to the U. S. Senate in place of Winthrop, the successor of Webster. The Freesoil and liberal Democrats coalesced, and have carried a majority in both Houses, ensuring the election of one of their candidates for Governor and a Senator who will be true to Freedom. Horace Mann, whose annihilation was decreed by Webster and his tools, is triumphantly elected to Congress in spite of them.

☞ See the letter from Parker Pillsbury in another column.

HUNKERISM.—A correspondent of the *Portage Sentinel*, calling himself 'an old-fashioned Democrat, who loves the Union,' apologizes for the fugitive law and rebukes his neighbors for avowing their determination not to turn kidnappers. He says (truly enough) that the Constitution requires the North to deliver up the Slave, but instead of treading such a Constitution under foot, he shows the rottenness of his democracy and the treachery of his heart by avowing his willingness to perform the villany it enjoins. Democracy like that is indeed 'old fashioned.' It had its origin in the infernal regions in the earliest period of the world's history. Send it back to the place whence it came, say we.

ELIZABETH W. PILLSBURY, of Lowell, Mass., is out in the New York Tribune in the most sensible criticism of the doings of the Women's Convention at Worcester that we have yet seen from any opponent of the cause. She is "sure if either party should seek for cause of murmuring on account of *subjection* to the other, man could gather much the larger bundle." In proof of this she refers to the moral and social influence exerted by woman over man. We beg leave to tell you, dear Elizabeth, that this is not to the point. What has the social influence of woman to do with 'subjection'?

CROAKING.—The Journal of Commerce has the following upon public sentiment at the South, at the capitol and elsewhere:

"I have heard some of the most judicious and eminent men of the country, during the last three weeks, state their apprehensions that the Union cannot be preserved long enough to justify engagements on time, and purchase of real estate."

We wish there were some better reason for anticipating the event here so lugubriously referred to than is afforded by the threats of Southern politicians. The Union has its foundations in slavery, and all Heaven will exult at its downfall.

VIRGINIA.—The Constitutional Convention of this State is now in session. The contest between the Eastern and Western portions of the State is fierce and bitter—the slaveholders on the Eastern shore being determined to cling to the political supremacy conferred upon them by the present Constitution, and the freer West, which has but few slaves, demanding Representation on a white basis. It is feared by some of the Virginia papers that the contest will lead to a permanent separation between the two sections, and the formation of a new State.

VOICE OF THE FUGITIVES.—We invite attention to the prospectus in another column of a paper about to be started in Canada by HENRY BIBB. We hope he may receive ample encouragement among the friends of the Fugitives in the North, for we are persuaded that the paper will render important service to the anti-slavery cause. It is easy to send subscriptions to Detroit, but if any prefer to hand them to us, we will cheerfully forward them.

☞ Prospectus crowded out.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—In the number for October, just received from Leonard Scott & Co., New York, we find several articles of more than usual interest. We are particularly pleased with the defence of Wm. Penn against the aspersions of Macauley. It is a complete vindication of one of the noblest men the world has ever seen. The review of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' makes us impatient to get hold of a book so full of the brightest gems of poesy. The literary notices are as attractive as usual.

☞ THE POEM on the Fourth Page is a beautiful picture of conjugal affection enriched by experience, hallowed by the holiest memories, and vigorous amidst the frosts of old age.

Cincinnati Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15th, 1850.

To the Editor of The Bugle:—The much expected visit of Father Mathew to our City has been postponed until next Spring. A letter was received from him a week or two since by Bishop Purcell, stating that the condition of his health compelled him to leave St. Louis immediately for a Southern climate, and we have since learned that he has gone to Florida to spend the winter. We hear nothing more of objections to the Rev. Father's anti-slavery sentiments from the South—his ready disavowal of any sympathy with abolitionism, made to propitiate their favor, seems to have satisfied them, and a Southern latitude appears to be as congenial to his *feelings* as to his *health*. He expresses his "profound regret" that he cannot at this time visit the "Queen City of the West," to which he was invited by the Bishop, as his guest, on his first arrival in this country.

It is a matter of general regret that Father Mathew could not visit us this Fall, as a revival in the Temperance cause was *never more needed*, and his influence might have been exerted beneficially in its behalf. Our City Council after debating the subject at several sessions, declined appointing a committee to welcome and escort the Father to the City. This was consistent enough. After recently licensing one hundred coffee-houses at a single sitting, and for a year past replenishing the treasury of the City from the liquor traffic, it would have been the hight of inconsistency to have pretended any sympathy with Father Mathew or his benevolent movements. It would not, however, have been worse than the offer of the hospitalities of the BURNET HOUSE to him on his arrival here, by the proprietors. An establishment where more liquor is drunk daily than in any other place in the City, and which has in store a stock of wines and brandies amply sufficient to set up a wholesale dealer! The incongruity and inconsistency of their position must have been felt by both parties. It will be too palpable not to strike the most careless observer.

An effort is now in progress to revive the Temperance Reform among us. The Washingtonian movement in 1841 and '42 superseded the old Temperance societies, and this again was supplanted by the Orders of the "Sons of Temperance," both of which have embraced features very objectionable to many of the earliest and best friends of the cause. With all their faults it cannot be denied that great good has resulted from both these organizations, but they have had their day, and the various Divisions of the "Sons," at least in this section of the country, have now little more than a nominal existence, and are evidently insufficient for the open, out-of-door, *aggressive* movements the times demand. By common consent we are falling back upon the good old fashioned mode of operation, which in the opinion of many ought never to have been abandoned. A new society has been formed called the "Queen City Temperance Society," with suitable officers, a well-digested plan of operations for keeping public meetings; employing a City missionary; publishing statistics and appeals; building a Hall; collecting a Library, &c. A meeting a few evenings since to perfect these plans was well attended and enthusiastic, and we have reason to hope that, relying on argument and persuasion, and appealing to the intelligence and consciences of men a *steady impulse* will be given to the cause more permanent in its results than any interest or excitement awakened by the *novelties* and *clap-traps* which have been too often resorted to in aid of this noble reform.

The census returns are coming in slowly; here and there we have partial or full returns of a City, town or county, but not enough as yet to make any fair comparisons between different States. The rapid growth of some of our Western Cities will astonish our friends at the East. Take for instance as a sample, a few.

	1840.	1850.
Buffalo, N. Y.,	18,213	43,266
Cleveland, Ohio,	6,071	17,600
Erie, Pa.,	3,412	12,805
Toledo, Ohio,	1,222	3,870
Mansfield, "	1,328	3,558
Pomeroy, "	456	3,166
Tiffin, "	728	2,718
Milwaukee, Wis.,	1,712	20,035 ! !

A most remarkable race has been progressing through the last ten years between the three cities in our State next in population to Cincinnati. The comparative increase in each may be seen by the following table.

	1840	1846	1850
Columbus,	6,048	10,616	17,656
Cleveland,	6,071	10,135	17,600
Dayton,	6,067	10,192	13,104

The advantage given to Columbus by its being the State Capitol has made it outstrip its neighbor, Dayton. This will continue for some years, as the new State House now in the course of erection, besides the public institutions located there, will bring trade and manufacturing to the place. But eventually Cleveland, owing to its situation on the Lake, and its being the terminus of the Rail Roads now being constructed from Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, must shoot ahead of both its competitors. Ohio City, adjoining Cleveland, shows a population of 4,253 and as it is properly connected with the former place should be taken into the account in making calculations of the future growth of Cleveland.

A "Union" meeting, in feeble imitation of that lately held in New York, was held last evening in the Fifth street Market, to sustain Webster, Cass & Co. The call was signed by 120 persons, and so worded as not to state whether it was to *oppose* or *sustain* the Compromise, fugitive law, &c. It was *ostensibly* called to express the "opinion" of the citizens on the "agitating topics of the day." The call appeared in one only of the City Dailies, and that the least respectable and most pro-slavery—the "Commercial." From what I can learn it was almost a total failure, but a small number being present, and those the most inveterate pro-slavery men in the community. Judge Reed and other Hunker Democrats were the leaders. The fugitive bill has caused no excitement here as yet, no attempts at reclamation having seriously been made. Yours, P.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The engravings of the Catskill Mountain House and of The Mariner's Beacon, in the December number are beautiful both in design and execution. Of the fashion-plates we say nothing, knowing that our readers care nothing about them. The litterary contents embrace a wide variety of prose and verse from authors whose names are familiar to the public.—A new volume begins with the January number, when we expect that Graham will outdo himself. It is not too late to subscribe.

WATER CURE JOURNAL.—This publication we have often commended to our readers as an able and attractive expositor of the Hydropathic theory and practice. The November number is entertaining as usual. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.—The engravings in the number for December are even better than usual, while among the literary contributors we observe the names of H. Martineau, H. T. Tuckerman, Prof. Hart, Phebe Carey, Mrs. Kirkland, Rev. Dr. Todd, E. J. Eames, Geo. S. Burleigh, &c. Miss Martineau, we suppose, closes with this month her series of papers entitled 'A Year at Ambleside.' They are worthy of publication in a more permanent form.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The series of Presidential Portraits with accompanying phrenological descriptions is continued in the number for November by a likeness and description of Gen. Taylor. The article on the 'Modes of Curing Colds' contains advice which, if heeded, would save many from a premature and sudden death. New York: Fowlers and Wells.

LIVING AGE.—No. 339 contains several fresh chapters of the entertaining story of Grace Kennedy; a valuable Review of Clarkson's Life of William Penn, (from the Westminster) in which the charges brought against the latter by Macaulay are triumphantly refuted; and a great variety of other selections from the best sources. Boston: E. Littell & Co.

THREE LECTURES on Hygiene and Hydropathy. By ROLAND S. HOUGHTON. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

These lectures are evidently the fruit of honest conviction on the part of the author, and they display an intelligence which should commend them to every sincere inquirer after the truth which pertains to health and disease.

The Great Holiday Pictorial.

BROTHER JONATHAN for the Christmas Holidays, and New Years, 1851, has been sent to us by Wilson & Co., the New York publishers. It would be almost impossible to overrate the splendid collection of engravings which appear in this magnificent Christmas sheet. The fine large spirited picture of "the Country Girl in New York," is a master-piece of American Fine Arts; and either that or the group of spirited portraits at President Taylor's Death Bed, is alone worth double the cost of the whole paper. Another gem is the "Dream of Love and Pleasure," a large picture occupying the first page. We have not room to enumerate a title of the beautiful engravings and popular reading which go to make up this stupendous sheet. Of one thing we are certain. It is by far the best and handsomest pictorial paper ever issued in America or any where else. The price is 12 cents per copy, or ten for one dollar.

Fugitive Slave Bill---Third Edition.

Just published, and for sale by WILLIAM HARNED, No. 61, John st., third story, New York, the third edition of a 11mo. pamphlet, 36 pp. entitled "THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL, its unconstitutionality—with an account of the Seizure and Enslavement of James Hamlet, and his subsequent restoration to Liberty." Price $2.00 per 100 and 5c a single copy. The pamphlet contains the names and P. O. address of all the members of the House of Representatives who voted for the bill.

The first two editions of this pamphlet, 13,000 copies, have been disposed of in about three weeks. The present edition has been re-written, and contains much additional matter—new arguments on the unconstitutionality of the bill, notices of the Attorney General's Opinion and Judge Grier's Letter, &c. The price of 100 is barely the cost. The friends of Freedom will, it is hoped, send their orders immediately for this seasonable pamphlet, and cause it to be spread, broadcast over the whole country.

☞ DETROIT has just given 1,376 votes *against* to 196 for Equal Suffrage to all men without regard to color. And yet two-thirds of those who voted 'NO' would feel affronted if any one should hint that they were no Democrats!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Yes, Mr. Tribune, and the other third would doubtless boast that they belonged to the progressive Whig party—'the only true anti-slavery party at the North.' Wherever Liberty is crucified there is a thief on each side. Is The Tribune blind in one eye, that it cannot see them both?

DEERFIELD, which has heretofore been almost inaccessible to anti-slavery influence, has held a large meeting and denounced the fugitive law right heartily. It is the anti-slavery movement after all which has paved the way for these demonstrations by the change it has effected in public opinion. The work goes bravely on.

Kidnapper-in-Chief of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

DUBLIN, Ia., Nov. 5th, 1850.

DEAR OLIVER:—Who is that same kidnapper-in-chief of these States? JOHN McLEAN of Cincinnati. He consents to hold that office—he is miscreant enough to consent to act as the chief of the kidnappers in these three States. The man who can consent to act as Circuit Judge of the United States under that law and to do the duties which it imposes cannot be a friend to his kind, but is to his fellow men what the wolf is to the lamb, or the pirate or assassin to his victim. Let KIDNAPPER be joined to JOHN McLEAN upon the record of this world, and let their names go down to the end of time as inseparable. So let it be with the name of every man who shall accept or hold office under that law. Hold them all up to the execration of mankind as assassins and pirates. John McLean is now seeking out fit agents to act as kidnappers under him. He is organizing one band of kidnappers for Ohio, another for Indiana, and another for Michigan, all of whom are to go and come, hunt, run down, seize, fetter and consign to the horrors of slavery men, women and children at his bidding. Do seek out the names of all who consent to hold office under that law and their place of residence, and blazon them forth to the world, concentrate the scorn and execration of all upon them and consign them to that earthly hell of infamy for which their deeds fit them.

I left thee at Green Plain, *Oct. 29th.* Came to Dayton and there found that certain persons, headed by a lawyer by the name of VALANDIGHAM had held a meeting to sustain kidnapping, pledged their "fortunes, lives and *sacred honor*" to kidnappers to aid them in kidnapping men, women and children of Ohio, and carrying them to the pollutions of slavery.—Over a million of bushels of corn are annually converted into whiskey in Dayton and vicinity. How much this had to do with that meeting to sustain kidnapping, I know not. *I believe* Dayton is the only place in all the North which has held a meeting to sustain that law. Give it all due credit.

I came to Richmond, Indiana, and there on the evening of Nov. 1st held an enthusiastic meeting to arouse the people to resistance to that law. Nov. 2d, I attended a County meeting in Centreville, of the constituents of Geo. W. Julian, to hear him in reference to that law and to their duties under it. His address was bold and to the point. He urged all to refuse obedience to it:—said he would represent no man who sustained that law or who would help execute it! He is a clear headed, bold, far-seeing man. In a private interview he admitted that a dissolution of the Union was a mere question of time. He is holding meetings in his District to arouse his constituents to take a bold and firm stand against the law, by all right means to prevent its execution. *I went back* to Richmond, and there held three meetings on Sunday the 3d, and there said and heard much of the good effects of thy visit, with Joseph A. Dugdale, last year.

Nov. 4th and 5th.—I held meetings in this place on slavery and the kidnapping law. I am just in from the last that held over four hours. A Chairman and Secretary were appointed and resolutions were introduced by a committee, and passed, but one dissenting, that was Dr E. ROSE. He is a very *religious* man, and prays twice a day in his family, says *grace* at every meal, believes in the Bible, talks a deal about the love of Christ, about Calvary, a vicarious atonement and being saved by faith, and by Christ's righteousness. This same praying, pious Methodist was the only man who voted against a resolution affirming it to be the *right* and *duty* of every slave to escape from slavery, and the right and duty of every freeman to aid slaves to escape. His argument was the Bible; and when I said, 'if the Bible says that slaves have no right to escape from slavery, the Bible utters a falsehood,' he declared I was an *infidel*, to which I readily assented so far as *his* religion was concerned. He spoke over an hour to show that we are bound to turn kidnappers, and help execute this law. I could but exclaim save us from the religion and God of this slaveholding republic. The praying kidnapper says nine-tenths of the people of Indiana will turn kidnappers, and help execute the law.—You see that praying, shouting glory to God, belief in the Bible, in the atonement, and in Christ, are no evidences of goodness, but are perfectly consistent with entire depravity and brutality of heart and life.

A meeting of some people in Cambridge—a town one mile east of Dublin—recently decreed that all colored people must leave the place in two weeks, or they would be driven out. The time came; they did not go, and a murderous, drunken mob—led on by a lawyer by the name of HUNT—undertook to assault them, and drive them off. They have not yet succeeded. This same HUNT, report says, has applied to McLean for the office of Commissioner for this county, and that he is backed up by Solomon Meredith the *Marshal* of the United States for Indiana. Said Marshal lives in Cambridge.

The Convention to revise the Constitution of this State is doing all it can to provide means to drive all colored people out of the State, and to prevent others from coming in. It is determined to take from them the right to hold real estate, to vote, and to testify in courts. In this region that fugitive law is working a great revolution against slavery, against the South, and against the Union. Thousands are beginning to admit that the dissolution of this *slave-hunting* confederacy is a mere question of time; and that it must come sooner or later. May God speed the day. Oliver—the harvest is great, the laborers are few. Cry aloud—speak for humanity now or never. The death-struggle between slavery and liberty, I fervently hope, is at hand. H. C. WRIGHT.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

George Thompson will deliver a course of five lectures in Boston upon British India.

The *Elyria Courier* speaks in high terms of Mrs. Jones's lectures in that place, where, we understand, she had a large class.

At the recent Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society there was paid in cash $385.50, and the sum of $422.50 was pledged to be paid during the year.

It is reported that three Pennsylvanians were arrested at Baltimore on the 10th, charged with seizing runaway negroes while in the custody of officers bringing them back to Maryland.

Eleven of the sixteen democratic members of Congress, and fourteen of the eighteen Whigs, just elected in New York, are said to be in favor of the repeal of the Fugitive Law.

Judge Grier, to whose letter in defence of the man-hunting law we have elsewhere referred, is said by the Pennsylvania Freeman to be 'a devout Presbyterian Elder.' It takes piety of that stripe to support such a law.

A large ship-owner in Bath, Me., said recently that the South might burn his ships before he would assent to the Fugitive Law. The man is infected, we fear, with the 'Higher Law' heresy.

The Boston Fugitive Case has caused great excitement in Georgia, as the slaves (William and *Ellen Crafts*) were from that State. The *Disunionists* for Slavery threaten awfully, and the Union men find it hard to stem the tide.

The papers state that application was made to all the Judges of Detroit for a writ of habeas corpus during the pendency of the recent slave case in that city, but without success.

The Buffalo Express says that a person in the pursuit of fugitive slaves met a colored woman in the *streets* of that city, and began to question her concerning her claim to freedom. As his inquires became pressing, she drew a revolver, which caused his retreat. The same paper states that most of the fugitive slaves in that city are armed.

Moses A. Cartland, a Freesoil Orthodox Quaker, has been nominated to succeed Mr. Tuck, member of Congress from the Dover District in New Hampshire. He is a fine scholar and writer, and an abolitionist of long standing. There's no dough about him, and we hope he may be elected rather than the Cass Hunker who will doubtless run against him.

William and Ellen Crafts, says the Salem (Mass.) Freeman, were married a few days since in Boston by Theodore Parker. They had been married in slavery, but marriage amongst the slaves being a mere farce in most cases, it was thought best to have the relation duly legalized in Massachusetts. The fugitives have sailed for England, to enjoy the security of liberty in a country "whose air," in the words of Lord Mansfield, "is too pure for a slave to breathe."

The penny-a-liner, who 'does' the New York correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette, tries hard to be witty over the imposition practiced upon the abolitionists by a black loafer, who passed himself off for a fugitive slave and thus obtained money enough to support himself during the winter. Why, bless, you man, that is nothing to the exploit of another dark colored man, who lately raised $40,000 among the Cotton dealers of Gotham upon the pretence that he had stopped the anti-slavery agitation!

Elias Smith, an old anti-slavery friend of ours who went to California, writes in rather a doleful strain to the Tribune. He says that 15,000 persons are congregated at Nevada City and vicinity of Yuba and Deer Creek diggings; that not half are doing anything, and of the other half a moiety only, are paying their way: that most of this large number have no means to enable them to move away. All who possess the means are quitting these diggings and making their way homeward. The sole ambition of every one is to acquire money enough to get home.

The *Chronotype* asserts positively "that a certain great lawyer has lately received forty thousand dollars from his political clients in New York city. The one hundred thousand dollars not long since settled upon his wife by the cotton interest of Boston, it seems was not money enough. To complete the thing he should now receive a contribution from the planters of the South." The lawyer's name is supposed to be Daniel Webster. Now that the political Judas has got his silver, he ought, like his infamous prototype, to go out and hang himself.

Judge Grier of Philadelphia, in a letter to Charles Gibbons in support of the man-hunting law, says he is happy to know that his brother *Kane* agrees with him. Wonder if the latter is not a lineal descendant of the *Cain* mentioned in the Bible, who was doomed, for killing his brother, to a life of ignominy and shame? There is certainly a remarkable similarity in the spirit of the two men.

The Lowell Courier lately spoke of the fraternal sympathy existing between Cass and Webster as evidence of the purity and fervor of their patriotism and an augury of the approach of the millenium, piously quoting the scripture passage about the lion and the lamb lying down together! The Lowell American says that a Freesoil speaker, having read this pious effusion, remarked that he had understood that the association of the lion and the lamb was evidence of the millenium, but he had never heard that that event was foretold from the fact that the *hedgehog* and the *skunk* had lain down together!

The Kidnapping Law commands "all good citizens to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, whenever their services may be required." The law itself attaches no penalty for refusing to obey this command, but it should be known that by a general law previously passed it is made a *misdemeanor* to refuse or neglect to join the *posse comitatus*, when commanded by an officer, and that the offence is punishable by fine and imprisonment. Any man, therefore, who simply refuses or neglects to join a slave-hunt, though he may not lift a finger to help the fugitive, or in any way interfere with the execution of the law, is liable to severe punishment. Tell it not in Algiers!

Pro-Slavery Piety in Belmont County.

Colerain, Belmont Co., Nov. 11th, 1850.

Friend Johnson: It may not be uninteresting to the friends of freedom to know how we who are situated upon the very borders of Slavery, under the immediate influence of a Slaveholding city, *feel* and *act* upon this great question.

Pro-Slavery as is the moral atmosphere which we breathe, callous as are the hearts of the people generally, to the melting and moving influence of human liberty, yet the "Fugitive Slave Law" has created no little excitement among the most enlightened part of our community, and has elicited from them no little disapprobation. We have held several "indignation meetings" in Colerain tp., of a spirited and cheering character, and we confidently believe, that the agitation resulting as a consequence will ultimate in much good.

But we will now turn to a picture of less pleasing aspect. With the Church I have always endeavored to avoid controversy. History has taught me, that the men and organization that shield their prejudices, their corruptions, their sins under the sacred garb of religion, are the most impervious to truth—the last to renounce their dogmas. But when the Church wilfully and deliberately obstructs the progress of truth—lends her influence to the daming up of the rolling tide of humanity, surely she should be held up to public gaze with all her odiousness—all her vile pollutions. I would say to her as Diogenes said to Alexander the Great, "Stand a little out of my sunlight;" if she does this, I am content. But to the facts.

A meeting to consider the "Fugitive Law," was appointed to be held at a Methodist Church four miles West of Wheeling, provided it could be obtained. I was appointed to see to it, and took particular pains to see more of the Trustees than was usual in such cases, (of whom there were nine,) and obtained consent to occupy the house. The meeting was accordingly advertised; but lo! it was soon whispered about that the subject had some connection with Anti-Slavery. We went to the house and found it closed. The names of these prominent Methodists, most active in opposition, were Townsend Frazier, Jacob Enlow, Calvin Hasson and Noah Scott. Mr. Frazier told me that he believed Slavery to be right; Mr. Enlow, that the Bill was just the thing needed, and Mr. Hasson that he would not sign a petition for its repeal. These men are all, I believe, or have been Class leaders, "Shepherds in Israel."

After some parleying a portion of those assembled concluded to adjourn to a dilapidated School house, with but little glass in the windows and no stove. And here, to cap the climax, Joseph Hicks, a Quaker in regular standing in the Church, appeared as the apologist of the Law. He told us that it was premature to ask its repeal now; that the Anti-Slavery agitation never had done any good, but harm; that the Abolitionists annexed Texas, brought about the Mexican war, defeated the Omnibus Bill, which would have secured peace and happiness to the Nation; and lastly passed the Fugitive Law itself. He said rather than that the other measures of the Omnibus should not have passed, he would have this law enacted and then *risk* its repeal afterwards. He further said that he thought it would not be a difficult matter to get upright, moral, intelligent men, to act as commissioners under the law. Judging from the tone of public sentiment in your part of the State, it will certainly be difficult to find men who will accept this dirty office. Your correspondent would therefore respectfully submit: That in his humble opinion, Mr. Joseph Hicks would make a *capital commissioner*, and sundry Methodist Class leaders whom he could mention, *admirable runners*.

I have endeavored to adhere strictly to the truth, and in order to give these men a fair opportunity to defend themselves, you will oblige me if you see fit to publish this letter, by sending one or two of them a paper containing it.

Yours as ever,
J. W. NEWPORT.

☞ The *Spiritual Philosopher* states that the 'mysterious rappings' have been heard in the congregation of Rev. Theodore Parker in Boston. In one instance they were made upon the glass of the chandalier in apparent confirmation of a remark made by the preacher, and were heard all over the house. They were also heard in response to his hearty denunciations of the Fugitive Law!

Delaware has gone over to the Cass democracy, and a Senator of that stripe will therefore succeed Mr. Wales, whose course on the Slavery question has been very liberal for a Southerner.

Aid for the Fugitive.—The officers of the late meeting at Ravenna have appointed a Committee of three in each town in the County of Portage to procure food and clothing for the fugitives driven to Canada by the law recently enacted by the American Congress.

O. S. Fowler.—We hear with pleasure that an effort will be made to secure a course of Phrenological Lectures from this distinguished gentleman in Salem sometime during the Winter.

Written for the A. S. Bugle.

Lines on the Passage of the Fugitive Bill.

BY ELLEN C. DICKERSON.

In vain—in vain ye seek to bind
Free spirits to your will!
That love which blesses human kind
Will burn in Freemen still.
Go forge the fetter for the slave
Ye've crushed, and beat, and slain,
Yet know that Freemen dare be free
In spite of rack or pain.

In vain ye seek to quench the fire,
In vain to still the flood;
We worship here a 'Higher Law,'
It is the Law of God.
And shall we bend the servile knee,
And bow the willing head?
No—we are Freemen—dare be free—
We're not by tyrants led.

Go, stay the rushing cataract,
And bind it with a cord;
Go bid the swelling breeze be still—
Will it obey your word?
As heedless of your threats are we,
As strong to do our will,
For we are Freemen—*will* be free,
And dare your fetters still.

Then bind your iron chain anew
On him ye love to wrong,
And scourge, and kick, and torture too,—
Ye cannot do it long.
Brave hearts are swelling like the sea
That bursts upon the main;
For we are Freemen—*must* be free
To break the tyrant's chain.

Your hunted slave shall yet find rest,
And peace, and plenty here,
And Freedom, to the human heart
More than all treasures dear;
Then search him 'neath a forest tree,
Or in the cane-brake lone;
But know that Freemen *yet* are free
To give the slave a home.

Indignation Meeting at Coitsville.

Coitsville, Mahoning Co., Nov. 9th, 1850.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 7th, the citizens of Coitsville, residing in School District No. 1st, and vicinity, held an adjourned meeting, to take into further consideration the provisions of the recent Fugitive Slave Law. Robert Loury was called to the chair, and W. Cooper chosen Secretary. On motion, the Committee appointed at the previous meeting for the purpose, reported a Petition and the following Resolutions.

Resolved, That Slavery is always and everywhere absolutely and eternally wrong—a violation of the unchanging laws of human nature—an infringement upon man's most sacred and inalienable rights—a daring warfare upon the economy and government of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and being such, it is therefore our duty, as lovers of our country and our race, to use all peaceable and just means in our power, to resist and overthrow it, even though its downfall should involve legislative enactments, statutes, thrones, dominions and powers in one common ruin.

Resolved, That we owe allegiance only to such laws as are in harmony with the divine and unchangeable laws of human nature, and that a true and faithful man, in view of his own happiness, and the welfare and happiness of his race, can consent to no other.

Resolved, That the late law of Congress, providing for the return of Fugitive Slaves, inflicting fines and imprisonment on the humane and benevolent citizens of the Northern States, for performing the highest Christian duty enjoined by Jesus upon all his followers, viz: to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, comfort the sick and disconsolate, and relieve those who are in bondage, is in direct opposition to the revealed law of God, written in the Old and New Testaments, and illustrated by the practical example of Jesus Christ.

Resolved, That this law contravenes the "Higher Law" written by the Spirit of the Almighty on every human soul, and is a daring warfare upon the Declaration of Independence—an open rebellion against the high and holy principles which impelled Washington and his compatriots to violate their allegiance to the British Government, to obey the Government of Heaven, and being such, no enlightened and faithful citizen, in view of the freedom and prosperity of his country and his race, can consent to obey it.

Resolved, That this infamous law constituting the people of the Northern States *Slave-catchers* for the Southern *kidnappers*, is an outrage that would disgrace the statute book of the most heathen nation on earth, and ought to be totally disregarded in obedience to the divine law of God.

Resolved, That we will not help to execute this unjust and tyrannical law by helping the kidnapper to reclaim his stolen property; but will aid and assist the flying Fugitive to obtain his liberty and freedom, and thus do unto him as we would have him do unto us.

Resolved, That this law is unconstitutional; because it deprives the people of the privilege of "Habeas Corpus" and the right of trial by jury; and is therefore to be totally disregarded by all good citizens.

Resolved, That we will hold up to public gaze as an object of scorn, the man who would be so lost to all sense of justice and so totally devoid of humanity as to accept the office of Marshal or Commissioner under this infamous law.

Resolved, That those members in Congress, who voted for this infamous law, and have by so doing brought disgrace upon this nation, merit the rebuke and disapprobation of all good and faithful citizens, and deserve to have their names enrolled high on the scroll of everlasting infamy.

These resolutions elicited a lively and spirited discussion, quite a number speaking in favor of their adoption, and but one man opposing the action of the meeting, declaring at the same time, that the law was unholy and unrighteous, but ought not to be resisted, simply because it was a law. The meeting, which was continued to a late hour in the night, consisted of persons of all sects and parties. At the close of the meeting it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded for insertion in the two County papers, the Western Reserve Chronicle, Anti-Slavery Bugle, and the Free Presbyterian. The resolutions were all adopted.

R. LOURY, *Cha'n.*
W. Cooper, *Sec'y.*

The Election in Massachusetts.

Dear Friend Johnson:—Your readers will feel an interest in the result of the election yesterday in Massachusetts. It was, politically speaking, if not morally and religiously, one of the proudest days the old Bay State ever saw. The Dragon of Whigism, it is to be hoped, was wounded unto death and dies. The Boston Atlas, one of its organs, groans on this wise:

"The Whigs of this glorious old Commonwealth have been beaten, by means of the coalition effected between the Democrats and Free Soilers. It is a result not altogether unexpected to us, although we hoped and we labored for a more favorale report.

The Coalition have carried a majority of the Senate, and therefore elect their Governor."

The Boston Mail, another Whig paper thus confesses, making a clean breast of it, before giving up the ghost:

"It is useless to speculate upon the causes of this result. Everybody in the State understands them, they lie so near the surface. The Democrats and Free Soilers were perfectly united, and pushed on their two columns with unbroken fronts. The whigs were divided on the slavery question, and some of their leaders seemed determined that this question should do them all the injury possible. When the Whigs threw overboard the Hon. Horace Mann, we did not hesitate to tell them that they had lost the State. *They had for ten years been pledging themselves by anti-slavery resolves, and Mr. Mann was to be made a victim because he acted up to those resolves.* No man in Congress kept more strictly upon the Massachusetts Whig platform than Horace Mann. But he did not change because Mr. Webster changed, and the fiat went forth that he must be defeated. But it seems the thing could not be done. Mr. Mann is re-elected, and the very act of attempting to defeat him, lost the Whigs the State."

In the first Congressional district, the Whig candidate was elected by a large majority. In the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and probably in the 7th Districts, there is no choice. The 8th is Horace Mann's, the 9th Orin Fowler's, both Free Soil men, and both elected by handsome majorities. The 10th district doubtful.

It is perhaps not too much to say, that in those districts where the Whigs may succeed, (if we except Boston,) it will be owing to the fraud of palming off their candidates as good Free Soil men. The following remarks from one of the Democratic papers, are doubtless near the truth.

"The result of the Congressional elections should teach the Whigs something that they are slow to learn except at great cost. They have carried the *first* district alone, as *Whigs;* for if they have succeeded in the tenth, it is only because Mr. Scudder, their candidate, has taken the utmost pains to impress upon the minds of the people of that district that he is just what Horace Mann and Orin Fowler are, and for being which, those gentlemen have been bitterly denounced by the whigs, and one of them thrown overboard. He has labored strenuously to convince the people that he is an abolition, Wilmot Proviso Whig, and Mr. Fowler has done the same to some purpose, not hesitating to denounce even Mr. Webster himself. We do not believe that the whigs feel *much* inclined to rejoice over the election of Fowler and Scudder; but the election of Horace Mann is the blackest drop in the bitter cup of which they have just been compelled to drink. They have, however, only themselves to thank for the intense mortification to which they have been subjected."

I presume no funeral ever presented a more brilliant array of *dry eyes*, than will the funeral of Massachusetts Whigism. The mighty angel who heralded the fall of Babylon in the visions of Patmos, might sing the same dirge over this rival sister in abominations. "The fruits [offices] that thy soul lusted after, are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all. The merchants of these things which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off, for the fear of her torment, weeping, and wailing, and saying alas! alas! that great city that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls! For in one hour so great riches are come to nought. * * * Thy merchants were the great men of the earth—by thy sorceries were all nations deceived. And in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints."

The party came to its end, (for we may speak of it as dead,) by the hand of Daniel Webster. It has taken him to its bosom and warmed him into life enough to sting it to death. For many years, he has pretended to be a Massachusetts Senator, but has all the time, been the *fee'd* and *bribed* attorney of a particular interest. The Cotton capitalists have lavished their wealth upon him. Whether it was "wilful murder" or "accidental homicide," is to most people undetermined. I have no doubt on the subject.

He has just been spending several weeks at one of his farms near where is situated the little of home this world has allotted and allowed to me, and I have been watching with eager interest his movements. His most honored guests have been the leading Democracy and the clergy—the latter a convenient curtain behind which to hug and wanton with the former.

At one of his dinners, to which sat Senator Norris, who once dragged a minister from his knees in the pulpit as he was praying at an anti-slavery meeting, Hon. Isaac Hill, the recent, and General Pierce the present leader of New Hampshire Democracy, George Lowe, another of its tallest archangels, and many others, he made a most thrilling harangue, in which he complimented his democratic guests and others of their party in a most significant manner. He told them of the terrible agony and bloody sweat he endured for seven long months in the Congressional Gethsemane, as the sins and salvation of the country seemed rolled as mountains on his single shoulders. There he stood alone from all New England, until his honorable friend from New Hampshire, Senator Norris stepped into the breach by his side, to survive or perish in one last, desperate effort to snatch the country from impending ruin. Then too, he told them of the firm faith of those other Democratic Confessors, Senators Cass, Douglass, Bright and Foote, whose terrible baptism in the conflict, had purchased for them all a Nation's golden crown. I remember them all, said he, no longer as political foes. The feud is at an end. Hereafter I shall think of them, only as old soldiers think of each other after they have fought together, survived and won some mighty battle.

Senator Norris replied in a speech of as much power as he possesses. General Low also spoke with his usual and more than his usual power and pathos. So also General Pierce. He told "the godlike" to be of good cheer, for if his old political friends abandoned him, there were those in the country who knew the value of his public services.—And the New Hampshire Patriot pretends now to consider him as pretty nearly, if not altogether inducted in to the Democratic communion.

In the face of these developments, and many others of similar character, I have no hesitation in pronouncing Daniel Webster the wilful murderer of the Whig party of Massachusetts. To be sure, the party seems to have died by suicide. But then he counseled the taking of the poison. He declared the fatal Hemlock was only a needful draught of the Elixir of life. His counsel was heeded, and now the party lies shrouded and coffined, waiting the undertaker and the tomb. God grant it may have no part in "the First Resurrection"—*nor the last.*

Yours as ever,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

☞The reader will find on the First Page a fuller account of the developements to which our friend Pillsbury refers in the above letter. This 'billing and cooing' between Webster and his old political enemies is very significant.—That there is a plan to form a new party, composed of Old Hunkers of all sorts, for the 'preservation of the Union,' and the suppression of the anti-slavery agitation, we entertain no doubt. Webster, the great black cat of the concern, is already beginning to shake off the meal and show himself in his true colors.—*Ed. Bugle.*

George Thompson.—The Liberator of the 15th inst. announces that a gathering of the friends of Reform, International Amity, and Universal Emancipation would take place on that evening in Faneuil Hall to congratulate Mr. Thompson upon his arrival in this country, and to sympathise with him in the various reformatory movements in which he has been so honorably distinguished. Addresses were to be delivered by Messrs. Thompson, Garrison, Douglass and Phillips, and the meeting was no doubt one of thrilling interest. What a change in public opinion has taken place in fifteen years! In, 1835 Mr. Thompson was denounced in Faneuil Hall by Otis, Sprague and Fletcher, Boston's most renowned orators, and a ruffianly mob were thirsting for his blood.—Now the walls of that same old building echo the magic eloquence of his voice, and admiring thousands gather within them to bid him welcome. The thought of listening, on the same evening, to four such speakers as Thompson, Douglass, Garrison and Phillips! Is it not enough to set brain and heart on fire?

P. S. Since the above was in type we have received the New York Tribune of the 16th, in which we find the following telegraphic dispatch:

Disgraceful Row at Faneuil Hall.

Boston, Friday, Nov. 15.

The meeting in Faneuil Hall for the reception of Geo. Thompson was very large, and the galleries contained many ladies. Edmund Quincy presided. When Mr. Thompson entered the Hall he was greeted with shouts of applause from his friends mingled with hisses.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison commenced the proceedings by reading the address of reception, containing a history of Mr. Thompson's movements in the Anti-Slavery cause in England and this country and concluded by stating that just fifteen years ago he was obliged to fly clandestinely from this country, but said the speaker, "The Boston of 1835 is not the Boston of 1850—The Massachusetts of 1850 is not the Massachusetts of 1835," [Loud cheers.]

Toward the close of Mr. Garrison's remarks the meeting began to be disorderly and when he finished many cheers were given for Daniel Webster and the Union.

Wendell Phillips next ascended the platform, but was greeted with groans, hisses, and exclamations which completely drowned his voice. Loud cheers were again given for the Union, Daniel Webster, and for Governor Briggs and Jenny Lind! Mr. Phillips appealed to them to hear Mr. Thompson, and wipe off the stain of 1835 when Boston drove him off a fugitive. He then retired and Mr. Thompson took the stand, but instantly the Hall became a perfect bedlam of noise and confusion. He tried to speak but in vain. Cheers were reiterated for the Union and Webster, intermingled with groans, cat calls and hisses. After remaining upon the stand for some time he bowed to the audience and was about to retire, but his friends would not permit him. A chair was handed him and he sat down fronting the audience.

From this time the rioters had it all their own way. Groans were given for John Bull, a ring was formed on the floor, and one or two commenced to dance. Abby Kelley was called for and endeavored to speak; but after uttering a few sentences stopped.

Rev. William H. Channing next appeared but his voice was drowned in hisses and outcries.

Rev. Theodore Parker next ascended the platform. He mutely pointed to the pictures of Washington, Adams, and others, and endeavored to make himself heard, but the cries were redoubled. The President of the meeting at this point came forward and shook hands with Mr. Thomson, when he bowed to the audience, and retired amidst thunders of applause. All this time there was no attempt made at violence, and the ladies in the galleries remained quiet spectators of the scene.

After a consultation between the friends of the meeting, it was deemed proper to adjourn, which was declared by the President, but the noise still continued. Frederick Douglass then ascended the platform and appealed to them to hear a fugitive slave speak. The audience would not hear him. The gas was then partially turned down and the hall being in a state of semi-darkness, the scene was quite picturesque. Above stood the stalwart frame of Frederick Douglass, waving his hands aloft and occasionally crying out to be heard; and below was the vast audience, swaying about and uttering cries of every description. The officers of the meeting then began to retire—Mr. Geo. Thompson having previously left. Shouting and cheering still continued, but the audience commenced dispersing. A police officer here appeared on the platform and said that he was ordered by the city Marshal to request the audience to retire.

By half-past nine o'clock, the Hall was wholly cleared, but a large crowd waited outside, apparently for Thompson. As a carriage drew up and a man got in, supposed to be him, three groans were given for John Bull and some added, let him not interfere in our affairs, and the carriage drove off. It did not, however, contain Thompson. This ended the scene. The doors of Faneuil Hall were shut, the lights put out and the crowd dispersed—discussing as they went, the scenes of the meeting.

The Mayor and Marshal are much blamed by some for not putting a stop to the disorderly scene in the Hall, but they urge the impossibility of interfering effectually in a hall crowded with such a vast mass of excited people, more especially as no overt act of violence was attempted. The Police and Watch were, however, ready to protect Thompson, at all hazards, from any personal outrage. The speech that Mr. Thompson was to have delivered will be published.

The Editor of The Tribune says:

Mobocracy in Boston *has* improved some within 15 years, for instead of resorting to violence last night, it contented itself with breaking up this meeting by hooting, hissing, groaning, dancing, stamping, &c.

The city authorities excuse themselves from interfering to protect the meeting, on the ground that the mob did no acts of violence—that the people have a right to express disapprobation at public meetings, &c. But this is a very small dodge. It is a very convenient blindness that cannot perceive the difference between expressing approbation and breaking up a meeting. Suppose that had been a Democratic meeting—suppose it had been a Whig meeting, and Daniel Webster instead of Geo. Thompson had been the speaker—or suppose it had been a meeting of the American Bible Society, Tract Society, or any other popular society, can any sane man believe that the authorities of Boston would not have found law enough to have protected it from an outrage like this?

Meeting at Grafton.

Grafton, Nov. 10th, 1850.

Friend Johnson:—At a large meeting of the citizens of Grafton, (Lorain County, O.,) consisting of all political parties and all religious persuasions, convened to take into consideration the late infamous law of Congress called the Fugitive Bill, the following resolutions, reported by a committee appointed at a previous meeting, were freely discussed and unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That the Bill called the Fugitive Slave Bill is, in our view, a gross and palpable violation of the Constitution of the United States; contravenes the positive law of God to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; is at war with the fundamental principles of our government; subversive both of our civil and religious freedom—is a burning disgrace to our nation, and endangers the dearest rights of every American citizen.

Resolved, That we cannot but feel indignant at every attempt to enforce said law. We will feed the hungry and clothe the naked in the person of the fugitive slave, this Bill to the contrary notwithstanding, and we shall view and treat with abhorrence and contempt all persons who shall attempt its execution, and though we ever have been a law-abiding people, so odious and tyrannical and subversive of every principle of liberty are the requirements of said Bill that we will resist with our utmost ability all its demands.

Resolved, That those Northern Senators and Representatives who voted for this Bill outraged the known feelings of their constituents, and those others no less guilty who basely dodged, or being present failed to vote against it, should meet the indignant rebuke, and be ever after held as unworthy the confidence of every northern freeman.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Elyria Courier, Lorain Argus, True Democrat, &c.

C. R. BALDWIN, *Cha'n.*
W. H. Hulbert, *Sec'y.*

RECEIPTS.

Elisha Fogg, Meredeths,	1,50-312
Jonathan Huddleson, Dublin,	1,50-315
Jane Paxton, Marlboro',	1,00-303
Isaac Newcomb, Selma,	1,50-323
S. Allen, Oakland,	2,00-218
Richard Wright, Selma,	1,50-340
Wm. Janney, Fultonville,	1 50-273
Chas. Dugdale, Selma,	1,50-324
Rebecca I. Waddell, S. Charleston,	1,50-324
Sina W. Gregg, Loydsville,	1,50-324
Edwin M. Cook, Richmond,	2,00-308
Geo. Hayward, Selma,	3,00-272
Jon. Pierce, S. Charleston,	2,50-267
Wm. D. Pierce, "	2,00-305
U. H. Hyde, Mechanicsburg,	1,50-321
Thomas Andrews, Moorfield,	75-282
Eliza Price, Leesville,	1,25-278
Israel Scott, Marlboro',	1,50-317
Eli Scott, "	1,50-312

WM. P. BRIGHT,
Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trumbull Co., O. Prompt attention will be given to collections in Trumbull and adjoining counties.
Nov. 23, '50.

Miscellaneous.

An Objection Answered.

[A correspongent of The Tribune, in an article called forth by the proceedings of the Worcester Convention, thus states a very common objection to Woman's participation in governmental affairs:]

"Now, *I* am at a loss to know what the Women of the Worcester Convention are aiming at. It is clear that, if we are going to live, or have any private comforts, there must be dinners cooked, children's faces must be washed, and there must be a home —a home to which the mind of the weary husband will turn to bear him up and urge him on in his toils for the inmates of that sanctuary—a home where he can for a time forget, in his wife's and children's society, the toils and troubles of this weary world—a home which he can never leave without carrying with him a new grace, a new strength, drawn from Woman's influence, to enable him victoriously and manfully to withstand the trials and temptations of the world. Now, if Women are given the right to vote, to electioneer, to become states-women, why it is an incontrovertible fact (that is, if they attend properly to politics) that the dinners must go *uncooked*, the children's faces *unwashed*, and home forgotten—unless, indeed, the man exchange duties with them, as was proposed at the Convention, and stay at home and help their wives cook and wash the dishes."

[A portion of Greeley's reply to this letter is quite too graphic and too fearlessly to the point, not to be quoted:—]

"As to our correspondent's fear that buttered toast will run short, and children's faces get crusted over, in case the Political Rights of Women are recognized as equal to and identical with those of Men, we do not share it. We know the people who supposed that, when Slavery was abolished, there could be no more boots blacked, no wood chopped, bacon fried, &c.; but we see that all needful operations go on, though Slavery *is* abolished throughout this region. We see not why it may not be so in case the slavery of Woman should in like manner be abolished. We do not see how an enlargement of her liberties and duties is to make a mother neglect her children or her household. She now performs her maternal duties because she delights in so doing, and not because man requires it.

—Our friend's delightful picture of the home presided over by an exemplary wife and mother we appreciate, but all women are not wives and mothers. Marriage is indeed 'honorable in all,' when it *is* marriage; but accepting a husband for the sake of a position, a home and a support, is not marriage. (We must be excused from stating what it *is*.) Now one radical vice of our present system is that it morally *constrains* women to take husbands (not to say, fish for them) without the least impulse of genuine affection. Ninety-nine of a hundred young women are destitute of an independent income adequate to their comfortable support: they must work or marry for a living. But in Industry, Woman's sphere is exceedingly circumscribed, and her reward, as compared with the recompense of masculine effort, very inadequate. Except as household drudges, it is very difficult for seven single women out of eight to earn a comfortable, reputable, independent livelihood in this country, and it is generally much worse in others. Hence false marriages and degradations more scandalous if not more intrinsically vicious.

What Woman imminently needs is a far wider sphere of action, larger opportunities for the employment of her faculties, and a juster reward for her labor. It is a shame, for example, that there should be several thousand male Clerks in our City dealing out dry goods mainly to women; these Clerks should have more masculine employments, and their places should be filled by women. The teachers in our schools should nearly all be women; the number should be doubled and the compensation largely increased. Watch-making, tailoring, and many other branches of manufacturing industry, should in good part be relinquished to women."

The Right of Women to Vote.

The greatest problem, in a model Republic, is to make the governmental *will* the exact concentration of the diffusive mind and purpose in the general mass. As in the individual the will should execute the intention of the entire mind, so should the government represent the complete soul of the nation. Even should our government represent the pure conscientious part alone of the nation, such action might be unhealthy action, and result in a still unhealthier reaction. Still more fearful is the danger, when the moral and the Christian part of the community, in fright, disgust, or indolence, abandon the ballot and the election ground, to the possession of the intriguer and the depraved; and thus leave the conscience of the country unrepresented in the government of the country. Our country's safety cannot spare a good man's independent, conscientious vote. Nay, I would even presume to suggest, not the opinion, but the query, that as society is composed of the blended traits of both sexes, in which the stern energies of the one are softened and saved from barbarism by the softer virtues of the other, so might not our government be refined and civilized from much of its present ferocity, if the gentler half of the world possessed their share of right, to select their public as well as domestic lords? Our governmental spirit is too masculine; the representative too nearly of what society would be without the softening spirit of womanhood. And I venture to hint the query, whether the certainty of woman's presence would not soon transform the rabble disorder of our political election rooms, to the chaste propriety of a Lyceum, or a Church. I question, whether the mobocracy would rule in its present unwashed supremacy; whether the whiskey cellers would vomit up their florid-faced demonocracy to come, vote and conquer; and whether those great cruel abominations, which rear their fierce faces, in opposition to all the impulses of humanity, would stand with *her* permission, the sympathies of whose heart are so often, and especially upon such subjects, far wiser than the hardened calculations of man's head. At any rate, I trust I may have awakened in your minds, the most serious question, whether it is not the worst part of our nature which is best represented in our government; and whether in our national men, the *will* does not really misperform the intentions of the entire soul.
—*Prof. Whedon's Oration.*

From the University Magazine.

A Christmas Song.

A Song of a pleasant Old Woodman, and his Wife Joan, at a Christmas Fire.

BY F. J. PALMER.

Come! Jock o' the wood, my jolly old man! get up and bar the door!
The feathery sleet with frosty foot, is dancing on the moor;
With a whoop and a call, in every hall, the Christmas sports abound,
And ditties are sung, and the sweet bells rung, the simple village round.
Untether and fling the curtain down, and cuddle in the screen—
You shall be the *king of the feast*, and *I* will be the *queen*.
And we'll drink good rest! to the merry old times! we'll chirrup of kith and kin;
[The nut brown ale I brewed myself, before the frost came in.]
So bow to the rule of reverend yule, in sunshine and in storm,
And thrust your shoulder next to mine, to keep your old wife warm.

Gaffer! my joy! how many a time we ne'er shall see again,
I pressed my chubby cheek to thine, at yonder glistening pane,
And beckoned you in to the sanded floor, with infant love and glee;
I twined your locks with dingle-flowers, whilst wild berries you prest
Unto my lips, then sank to sleep upon my baby breast.
My mother stayed her whispering wheel, and gave us kisses sweet,
She loved so much to hear the sound of our little dancing feet.
Look up, my dear old charming chuck! and never turn a-kew!
You're not ashamed of me, I trust—I'm never ashamed of *you!*

Oh, weern't we glad—what fun we had! at yonder village school!
And how I screamed to see you stand, a Dunce! upon the stool—
And how we gamboll'd in the lanes on many a breezy morn,
And how you kept my kirtle wide, and dragged it from the thorn!
And how we went, with coat and hood, to sing the carols round—
Sitting before the vicarage door, at moonlight we were found,
And will and nill! they dragged us in, and made us dither and stare,
To have to sing our songs again before the lady's chair:
Your gatherings all you gave to me, full twelve pence was the gain;
And you kissed me under the sycamore tree, and *I* kissed *you* again.

Loud waved the flame in the winter's wind, the winking glades were red;
My mother nursed the baby dear, my father was in bed,
When oh, for shame! that night you came, with mistletoe boughs to call,
With bungling words, (and 'a lame excuse is worse than none at all;')
And ay, we sat in the brave old screen, and ay, we looked and sighed;
Alack! our simple hands were free, our cunning hearts were tied.
Mother she brewed the buttered quart, and bade us drink it up;
But ay, you looked at me and sighed, and ay, looked in the cup.
You never nestle so near to me—or play with such antics now!
You always drink our measure up. God bless your dainty brow!

Think of the gay December time you took me for your bride;
Up and down the bells were swung, I never left your side;
So proud of me as your loving bride, you called me pink and rose,
And we danced beneath a holly bough, in all our Sunday clothes.
Lord bless me! how you twirled me round, and made my color rise!
And I can't tell which were brightest then, your buckles or your eyes.
The squire he gave a thumping goose, your rival sent a curse,
My lady sent a silver pound, tied in a silken purse;
Heaven forgive your wicked face, and all your youthful sins,
Next Christmas eve the parson came, and blessed our lovely twins.

Soon, soon the honey-moon unwilling was to hide;
Father and mother went to dust, our pretty children died;
A famine came, the laboring men committed crime for bread;
You hinted *once* of doing so; I wished that you were dead:
'Struggle on bravely!' still I cried. You did my dear, and won;
'Twas bitter strife, well ended, and fortune well begun;
We'd cow and a nag, a pig and a cot, and hearty children three,
And merry we danced the first of May, around the hawthorn tree.
Ah! then came happy Christmas, they almost drove us mad;
The cradle always squeaking—the children always glad.

We're grey old people, Jock o' the wood! but grieving won't avail;
We've seen our younkers settled, so we'll sit and drink our ale.
Come! take your fiddle from overhead, and never you whisper nay;
I'll show you the lilt I danced for you upon our wedding day;
I've got the same blue kirtle on, the same red kerchief, too,
And you've the self-same smiling face, with looks 'as good as new':
Strike up! strike up! my lithsome lad, twang out a lusty strain;
I'll foot it, on the Christmas hearth, around and round again;
There's music! music! in my heart, and mirth upon my tongue;
You never played so well before—I never felt so young.

Give me a kiss, you Jock o' my heart! as sweet as love can tell!
Give me a *dozen*, you Jock o' my heart! dost love thy old wife well?
You bring the tears into my eyes, and burn my heart-strings, too.
But should I weep? sweet lad of my love, let's drink a drop with you!
For my cup is out, and I think I hear, or the wind talks over the moor—
There's some one tittering, yirking, whispering, joking at the door,
Sure it must be our children's sons, coming with wonted rhymes,
To sing a carol round the hearth, and wish us happy times!
I guess they've heard our silliness. I'll sit me down and spin—
Jock! hide the fiddle on the rack, and let the darlings in.

Lucretia Mott.

This lady lectured to a crowded audience in Mechanics Hall on Friday evening.—During the whole lecture which occupied about an hour and a half, she was listened to with profound attention except by a few noisy and ill-bred loafers about the door.—Taken altogether it was a most remarkable speech, and however much any one may disagree with the sentiments expressed, they will all agree they were well and forcibly expressed, and we rather think that many persons would be troubled to refute a large part of the arguments she used to enforce her sentiments. Her subject was human freedom, and she did not confine her ideas of it to any "nation, kindred, tongue or people," but embraced them all in her subject. She had no partial ideas of freedom for the negro slave merely, but she went into showing the various influences that conspired to make slavery among all classes. In doing this she traced historically the causes that had been at work for centuries to bring about the result of making the rich richer, and the poor poorer. Showed the opposition both theological and political to any advance of knowledge among the people. As a striking illustration of this she instanced the opposition to Combe's Constitution of Man, and its being branded as infidelity, because it taught people to ascribe diseases to transgression of natural laws, instead of a mysterious dispensation of Providence; and to show how theology would change to suit demonstrated science, she mentioned the fact that at the publishing of the last edition of the Constitution of Man, a clergyman asked to be allowed to add an appendix, showing the book's agreement with revealed religion! So it was in every science. Only let it become established and it would be defended by those who had opposed it most bitterly on its first introduction.

Mrs Mott come out boldly for HOMES FOR ALL and commended the National Reform and Labor Reform movements as calculated to give relief to the starving millions.

Her address to women was eloquent and forcible, as was the whole lecture, and we suspect that many of the audience who never heard a woman speak, and went there out of curiosity, were surprised to hear one of the most logical and eloquent discourses they ever listened to.—*Providence Mirror.*

☞ We insert the following by request of an unbeliever in the phenomena it describes.

Stratford Mysteries once more.

We find the following communication upon this subject, in the New Haven *Daily Journal and Courier*, of Sept. 27th:—Messrs. Editors:—So many wishes having been expressed that I should give a fuller statement than was made in a joint communication from my clerical friends and myself in your paper of the 25th, of the mysterious phenomena that came under our observation during a recent visit to Stratford, that in spite of the cry of "*humbug and collusion*" —words that come more gracefully from the mouth of a fool than from the lips of the philosopher—I am induced to present the following facts. To some of these we ourselves were witnesses. For others, we have the testimony of gentlemen on whose authority the fullest reliance may be placed, and whose veracity we should no sooner question than we should doubt the evidence of our own senses. The first circumstance I state on the evidence of Dr. Phelps himself, a gentleman whose age, and independence, and relation to society and the church, place him far above suspicion. Just before our arrival at his beautiful residence, the Dr. had been writing at a table, and had turned from it a moment for some purpose. On resuming his position to write again, he found upon the table a half-sheet of paper, which he had just left untouched and unsoiled, covered with a strange-looking specimen of chirography, and the ink still wet. He was the only occupant of that room, and how the writing could have been placed there, in the brief space of time his back was turned, is unaccountable. This is but one instance in a dozen of similar character. Articles of every kind were thrown about the room in most admirable confusion, and from positions which forbid the supposition that they were thrown by any member of his family—and the supposition that they could have been thrown by any one concealed in some unseen corner involves more difficulty than to believe all this the result of superhuman agency. Fifty-six articles were at one time picked up which had been hurled at some devoted head, and one of them a brick-bat, which was seen to start from the surface of a large mirror, and come violently upon the floor. Letters were seen to drop from the ceiling, and vegetable substances covered with hieroglyphics to emerge from the very figures upon the carpet to which the eye was at that moment directed. Valuable manuscripts, which were entire on the morning of our arrival, and which contained the records of all strange occurrences of the last six months, were found destroyed, and our first intimation of the unwelcome fact came from the "spirit" himself. Since our return, I learn from one of the family that other papers relating to these "spiritual communications" were found in a drawer on fire, and little besides their ashes left to prove their previous existence. While we were there the contents of the pantry were emptied into the kitchen, and bags of salt, tinware, and heavier culinary articles were thrown in a promiscuous heap upon the floor with a loud and startling noise. Loaves of delicious cake were scattered about the house, and articles of clothing removed from closets and drawers in spite of bolts and locks, and found lying in unwonted places, and sometimes divested of their choicest ornaments. The large knocker of the outside door would thunder its fearful tones through the loud resounding hall, unmindful of the vain but rigid scrutiny to which it was subjected by incredulous and curious men, and continue its unearthly "rappings" in spite of the most abusive skepticism. Chairs would deliberately move across the room, unimpelled by any visible agency. Heavy marble-top tables would poise themselves upon two legs, and then fall with their contents to the floor, no human being within six feet of them. Missiles of various kinds would seem to start from space and dash through costly panes of glass. Silver spoons and forks would be doubled up in a moment like so much straw, and sometimes hurled at the head of the unconscious guest. Such are a few of a thousand and one fantastic tricks of the "spirit" rogues of this ill-fated house; tricks that outrival the far-famed feats of East Indian jugglery. But I have more to relate another time, and more marvelous still. I shall give them on the authority of the witness, a person most favorably known in this community, as combining all the excellences of the Christian, with the refinement and intelligence of the gentleman and scholar. Now, Messrs. Editors, that these things are so, is proved by multitudes of witnesses. But what do they mean, and how can they be accounted for? No one who visits the house and remains long enough to witness one half the strange occurrences of a single day, will believe that this amiable family connive at, or for a moment sanction them. Besides the absence of any apparent motive for desiring so unenviable a notoriety, they are suffering, in reputation, feeling, person and property—subject to annoying visits from the idle and curious, losing the services of their domestics, and seriously diminishing life's sweetest charm, their social and domestic happiness. Having enjoyed their elegant hospitality for near forty-eight hours, we feel that we could do no less than to give our *unsolicited testimony* to their cheerful courtesy and Christian truthfulness, and express our sincere conviction that the imputations under which they have suffered are as illiberal and unjust on the part of those who urge them, as they are mortifying and painful to the unfortunate family who are made their victims.

ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.—We find the following characteristic anecdote of Jenny Lind in the N. Y. Home Journal:

"During her first visit here, a Swede called, and sent up a note in his native language, requesting to see her. She did not remember the name, as she read it, but when the young man came in, she at once remembered his countenance—an old playfellow when they were children together at school. She inquired his circumstances.—He is a cabinet-maker, residing with his wife and children at Brooklyn. The next day Jenny Lind drove over and made the wife of her old schoolfellow a long visit.—Again, the next day, just before leaving the city for Boston, she went again. The husband was not at home. She gave to the wife a note for him—he opened it on his return—it contained a sweetly worded request that he would allow her to give to his children a memento of their father's school-friendship with Jenny Lind. The 'memento' was a check for *ten thousand dollars.*—This anecdote, we assure our readers, is correct in all its particulars. The fashionables say it is impossible to get a visit from Jenny Lind. It reminds us—with the above circumstance—of a proverb we have somewhere seen: '*The* RICH *draw* FRIENDS *to them—the* POOR *draw* ANGELS."

SPIRITUAL SYMPATHY.—It is well known that those who are highly susceptible to electro-nervous disturbances, may be influenced, and often controlled by the will of another person, even when there is no direct physical contact. These effects are sometimes produced when the parties are at a distance from each other. When you chance to occupy the same apartment with the persons thus susceptible, a vigorous effort of mind will enable you to command their attention without seeming to regard them. Enter a room where a person of this description is in a profound slumber—fix your eyes steadily on the face of the sleeper—exert the will powerfully, and you will produce such an electrical disturbance as will cause him to awake. We are often suddenly reminded of some absent friend, whose image all at once rises before us, when, the next moment, the impression is rendered an actuality by the absolute presence. It not unfrequently occurs that persons are singularly anticipated in what they are about to say—some other persons giving utterance to the same thought in the same words. *Lovers, and all persons of intuitive and receptive natures, especially when united by a strong attachment, readily divine each other's thoughts, and read, in silent language, the most secret impulses of the heart.*

THE MOST SCOUNDRELLY SWINDLE OF THE AGE.—There is one kind of swindling practised in this city, which challenges far more vigilant attention than it has yet received. Readers of the small papers must have often noticed advertisements headed "500 *girls wanted to work on shirts*," or other articles of clothing. These advertisements strike the eyes of the many poor females of our city who are in destitute circumstances and out of work, and they apply at the places indicated for the work thus offered.—They are told that a deposit of *one dollar* is required as a guarantee for the safe return of the garment. This deposit is made, and the cloth is taken to be made into shirts at a *sixpence* each. In due time they are returned, and the girls are told to come next day after their work has been examined. They go next day for their pay, and are then told that their work was not well done, that the cloth was spoiled—that they cannot have their pay, and that the dollar which they deposited will be kept for the cloth which they have spoiled! Thus these men get their work for nothing, and get a dollar besides; and next day they advertise as before, "500 girls wanted"—and thus go through the same operation. And this swindling is systematically pursued from week to week, throughout the year, by many establishments which transact an immense amount of business with the trading public.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

A PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT.—A surgeon in the U. S. Army, recently desired to know the most common cause of enlistments. By permission of the Captain of the company, containing fifty five and a pledge never to disclose the name of any officer or private, except in a physical or metaphysical fact, the true history was obtained of every man.—On investigation, it appeared that nine tenths enlisted on account of some female difficulty; thirteen of them had changed their names, and forty-three were either drunk, or partially so, at the time of their enlistment. Most of these were men of fine talents and learning, and about one third had once been men in elevated stations in life. Four had been lawyers, three doctors, and two ministers. The experimenter believes, if it were not for his pledge of secrecy, that this would be as interesting a history, and would exhibit the frailty of human nature as fully as any experiments ever made on the subject of the passions.—*Pitts. Post.*

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—The South Carolinian says a neighbor states that hog's lard is the best thing that he can find to mix with the dough he gives to his hens. He says that one cut of this fat as large as a walnut will set a hen to laying immediately after she has been broken up from setting.

AGENTS FOR THE BUGLE.

OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and I. Johnson
Columbiana—Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs—Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro'—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield—John Wetmore.
Lowellville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.
Selma—Joseph A. Dugdale.
Springboro'—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson.
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.
Bundysburgh—Alex. Glenn.
Farmington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna—Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Malta—Wm. Cope.
Richfield—Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.
Lodi—Dr. Sill.
Chester ✕ Roads—Adam Sanders.
Painesville—F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.
Granger—L. Hill.
Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.
Andover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore,
Achortown—A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine—Simon Sheets.
Granger—L. S. Spees.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh—Benj. Bowne.
Newberry; J. M. Morris.

INDIANA.

Winchester—Clarkson Pucket,
Economy—Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn—John L. Michener.

SALEM INSTITUTE.

THIS Institution, located in Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio, will continue its operations under the care of the subscriber.—The building, erected by, and rented for a term of years of the Society of Friends, is new and commodious, with study and recitation rooms. The SERVICES OF A WELL READ, THOROUGH TEACHER OF THE LATIN AND GREEK Languages, have been secured.

The Institution is furnished with Philosophical, Chemical and Astronomical Apparatus; Outline Maps, Historical Charts, Anatomical Plates, and a well selected

CABINET OF MINERALS.

Students must be punctual in their attendance, unless prevented by sickness or urgent duties. The course of instruction shall be thorough and practical.

TUITION PER QUARTER OF 11 WEEKS;

Reading, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English Grammar & Geography, $3,00
The Elements of Algebra, Geometry, History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Anatomy, Physiology, &c., 4,00
The Latin and Greek Languages, the Higher Branches of Mathematics, with their application to Nat. Philosophy and Astronomy, Book-Keeping by Double Entry, &c., 5,00

Phonography and Phonotypy will be taught without extra charge.

LITERARY EXERCISES shall receive due attention. Board can be had in respectable families in the village and vicinity, on very reasonable terms. Those who wish to board themselves can obtain rooms.

Books and stationery can be had in Salem.

The next term will commence Oct. 28, 1850.

WM. M'CLAIN.

A Mill Property and Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber living in Mahoning Township, Lawrence co., Pa., near the Mahoning and on the state line, offers for sale the following property: A GRIST MILL, 3 1-2 stories high with two run of stones in good repair, a SAW MILL, also in good condition, and about 90 Acres of Land, with house, barn, orchard, &c. The mills can be had with a small quantity of land separate if wished. Any person wishing to purchase such a property can know the terms by applying to the subscriber residing on the premises. AMY SHARPLES.

8th mo., 14th, 1850.

ANTI-SLAVERY BOOKS!!

THE following are for Sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Jay's Review of the Mexican, War.
The Young Abolitionists, by J. E. Jones.
Liberty Bell,
Douglass' Narrative.
Brown's Do.
Brown's Anti-Slavery Harp.
Archy Moore.
Slavery Illustrated in its effects upon Woman.
Despotism in America.
Church as it is, the forlorn hope of Slavery.
Brotherhood of Thieves.
Slaveholder's Religion.
War in Texas.
Garrison's Poems.
Pierpont's Poems.
Phillis Wheatley's Poems.
Condition of the People of Color.
Legion of Liberty.
Liberty.
Madison Papers.
Phillips' Review of Spooner.
Disunionist.
Moody's History of the Mexican War.
Letters and Speeches of Geo. Thompson.
And various other Anti-Slavery Books Pamphlets. Also a variety of other Reform publications; such as
Equality of the sexes, By Sarah M. Grimke.
May's Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Woman.
Auto-biography of H. C. Wright.
James Boyle's letter to Garrison.
Pious Frauds, Pillsbury.
Health Tracts.
Water-Cure Manual.
Female Midwifery.
N. P. Rogers' Writings.
Theodore Parker's Sermons.
Ballou's Non Resistance.
George S. Burleigh's Poems.
&c. &c. &c.

Also a General assortment of Books, Miscellaneous, Scientific and Literary.

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August 31, 1849.

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August 31, 1850.

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